THE MAGAZINE FOR HALLOWEENERS AND INBETWEENERS

No. 7

Dragazine

ALL ABOUT CHARLES PIERCE

The Chanel Twins
Dame Ednot
Barbra by Halstead
Latoya Latex
Mrs. Doubtfire
and more....

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All Man

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Dragazine

NO. 7

DRAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 691664
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90069

ISSN 3067-1302 (Online) ISBN 979-8-9927430-7-4

Dedicated to Pristine Condition, John Rothermil, Martin Worman, Dorian Corey & Shirlee Bally

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So many people to thank! Clayton, Sean, Neil, Barry, Karen, Mr. Dan & Paul V., Paul & Kitty, Lyla Kadog, Charlie, Image One Ltd., *The Advocate*, *In Touch*, Vivian at *Tapestry*, JoAnne at *Ladylike*, Kymberleigh at *Cross-Talk*, Jeri at *Transformation* & Spartacus, Nancy Ann at *Rochester CD News*, Beth at Renaissance, Larry Bob at *Queerzine Explosion* & *Fact Sheet 5*, *Los Angeles Times*, Arlene, Sam, Fluffy Boy at *Girlfriend* & Homoture, Frank Marino, Billi Gordon, et al. Dragazine is by Drag Queens, so don't expect it more than twice a year while we dry our nails. Send $5.95 for a single issue or $10.95 for a two issue subscription as they are published. Back Issues available. Dragazine is designed to appeal to those that enjoy the art of cross-dressing either as the audience, or the Drag Queen that's teaching your children 1st grade. Dragazine is mailed to you in a plain envelope with a return address of D.Z.D.Q.

Edie Torial Message

If you're a drag enthusiast or just a tourist (and who isn't one or the other?), Dragazine invites you to dish with us! For those of you who are into 'recreational transvestism,' to others who are on the edge of the Gender Bell Curve, Dragazine is for you! It's a Whole 'Nother World!

The Name Game

With actual video titles like *Trannie Dearest* and *Trannie Get Your Gun* sold on the market, can the following tongue-in-cheek titles be too far behind? Play Trivial She-Male Pursuit and see how many titles that you can gess the original versions of! (And thank you to Lyla Kadog for her help with some of these!)

Attack of the 50 Foot She-Male, *Beach Blanket She-Males*, **Bell, Book and She-Male**, *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultra Vixen She-Males*, **Blithe She-Male**, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance She-Male*, **Clan of the Cave She-Males**, *Dances With She-Males*, **Diary Of A Mad She-Male**, *Dirty Rotten She- Males*, **Doin' Time On Planet She-Male**, *Earth She-Males Are Easy*, **Fast Times At She-Male High**, *Faster, She-Male, Kill! Kill!*, **Franken-She-Male**, *Fritz The She-Male*, **Gentlemen Prefer Blonde She-Males**, *Gidget Goes She-Male*, **Go West, Young She-Male**, *Goldilocks And the Three She-Males*, *Grumpy Old She-Males*, **He's My She-Male**, *Hell She-Males Of The Navy*, **Hiroshima, Mon She-Male**, *Hollywood Chainsaw She-Males*, **Honey, I Shrunk The She-Males**, *How I Spent My She-Male Vacation*, **Howard The She-Male**, *Hush...Hush, Sweet She-Male*, **I Never Sang For My She-Male**, *I Was A She-Male For The FBI*, **I Am Curious, She-Male**, *In Praise Of Older She-Males*, **Invasion Of The She-Male Snatchers**, *Jonathan Livingston She-Male*, **Kentucky Fried She-Male**, *Kiss of the Spider She-Male*, **Lethal She-Male**, *Lies My She-Male Told Me*, **Little Shop Of She-Males**, *My Fair She-Male*, **Never Give A She-Male An Even Break**, *Nice She-Males Don't Explode*, **One She-Male Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**, *Ordinary She-Males*, **Paint Your She-Male,** *Please Don't Eat The She-Males*, **Red Riding She-Male**, *Scent Of A She-Male*, **Seven She-Males for Seven Brothers**, *She-Male Of Sunnybrook Farm*, **She-Male Without A Cause**, *She-Male Sings The Blues*, **She-Male From The Black Lagoon**, *She-Males 'N the 'Hood*, **She-Males In The Mist**, *Teenage Mutant Ninja She-Males*, **The She-Males Of August**, *The Shape Of She-Males To Come*, **The She-Male Who Came In From The Cold**, *The Stepford She-Males*, **The Taming Of The She-Male**, *The She-Male Who Knew Too Much*, **The Elephant She-Male**, *The She-Male Of Notre Dame*, **The She-Male Of The Baskervilles**, *The Ice She-Male Cometh*, **The Incredible Shrinking She-Male**, *The She-Male In Red*, **The Maltese She-Male**, *There's A She-Male In My Soup*, **Zorba, The She-Male**

According to *The Queen's Vernacular*, by Bruce Rodgers, Drag names have always been with us. Years ago, it was Monica Movinghips and Ramona Rottencrotch (the classics never die!). Be the first one of your species to send your old or new Name Game names to Dragazine, P.O. Box 691664, West Hollywood, CA 90069. And now some names freshly picked from our Victory Name Garden.

Womenses

April Fresh
Ann Yurism
Candy Dish
Crystal Clear
Crystal de Canter
Dee Brie
Isadora Dunkin Donuts
Katharine Heartburn
Lana Turnover
Laura Petri Dish
Lottie Dah
Penny Frumheaven
Rhea Sessment
Sue Keeyakee
Virginia Mayonnaise

Menses

Barely Manenough
Billy Button
Bob Aloo
Dan deLion
Roger Wilcoe
Rusty Needles
Tad Pole
Travis Tee

Bonus Military Names:
Captain Anteneel
Corporal Punishment
General Nuisance
Major Fuckup
Private Parts

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About Our Fierce Ruling Cover Photo...

Charles Pierce gives good face.

Photo by West Graphics

Everything was in walking distance, even in heels! It all was supposed to end when you vomitted on yourself. All freaks and anyone else who thought they were truly fabulous were welcome to come.

It was time to celebrate last fall when **Charlotta Manure**, doyenne of **San Francisco's High Brow Society**, returned to the silver screen in the epic, **"Queen of Denial."** The spoof performance benefited a fund raising effort for **Project Inform and The Health & Fitness Center**. "This wasn't a come back," said the superstar, "it was a return!" The affair took place at **The Cafe** (formerly **Cafe San Marcos**) in San Francisco. Charlotta told the adoring crowd that she loved being on the big screen again. Her appearance ended a self-imposed exile that began years ago. As the young starlet known as **Charlotta Aereola**, she married fertilizer heir **Steer Manure**, who swept her off her feet. The supporting cast included **Tom Cruisy** as the **Sodomite** charioteer, **Richard Chambermaid** as the **Pharaoh** and **John Revolta** as the evil high **Priest of Denial**.

To celebrate **E. Norma Tamale's** 41st birthday, the local celebutant threw a **25th Annual Ugly Dress Party**. To everyone's delight, each dress that came in was uglier than the last that arrived. I personally wore a **"Claire Tiffany Traveler,"** which was a circa 1964 clinging polyester sheath in a flaming design of orange, black and brown. Construction boots completed the look. Among those there were **Ron Athey**, **Crystal Crawford**, **Gender**, plus the immortal **Vaginal Creme Davis**. Vag wore dayglow green frilly hip-huggers, **Frederick's** platforms and a bra with a long wig. Another beauty that struck me with her beauty was **Afrodisia**. She showed up in an intoxicating metallic brocade minidress and towering 6 inch platform slides, and drove a way cool classic **Studebaker**.

Congratulations and all our best go out to newlyweds **Miss X** and **Allison Farmer**. The two lovebirds finally tied the knot after all these years of playing easy to get with each other. You might remember our **Miss X** interview in **Issue No. 5** and the fact that **Miss X** is one of the stars of **"Vegas In Space."** According to the **San Francisco Bay Times**, **Allison** had a quick retort when asked to comment on the question of why the sudden nuptuals. After all, everyone thought **X** was a big fag and they were just good friends all these years. She laughed and said with a sparkle in her eyes reserved forever for that one special guy, "he'll always be a big fag to me." Of course, **Justin Bond** caught the bouquet.

DISH THIS!

Hello girls from Madame Dish! I just popped in my new Harry Connick Jr. CD, I have a bottle of fine cabernet breathing, and I am in my kitchen where a lot more happens than just cooking! I'm wearing a lovely purple rayon pirate shirt belted smartly, of course, in gold-leaf and accessorized (my middle name) with a strand of black koa nuts from the garden isle of Kauai. My hair is in a tight French twist (which is giving me a headache - beauty is everything, isn't it girls?). All this because I'm spending the evening with my adorable, distinguished date, Stud Muffin! I must get started on my Texican-Style Corn Bread before he gets here! The recipe was compliments of my close personal friend Miki Jackson of Aunt Bee's Thrift Shop and Laundry Service. This will taste divine with my Gypsy Soup. First, I put my DISH apron on. Next, I preheat my oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, beat the eggs, and add cream, oil and salt. Miki suggests that you sift the baking powder with the corn meal. Listen to her and your cornbread will be much fluffier. Call or write me for the full recipe! Well, it's time to finish making myself beautiful! Lavender and pink eye shadow with a pink frost lipstick sounds appropriate and will compliment the lovely arrangement of pink sweetheart roses and purple candles provided by my dear food stylist. Oh, my! That can't be Stud at the door already! No, thank goodness, it's my camera crew for my cable cooking show! If you want a studmuffin of your own, why don't you dial my new Recipe, Travel & Date Hotline: 800-383-2DY4. It's only $2.99 a minute and you must be over 18. A portion of all annual corporate profits is donated to many worthy AIDS organizations. Or drop me a line at POB 9164, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-0164, 818-759-1770.

Syndicated columnist **Liz Smith** said in her **LA Times** report that **Amblin Entertainment** (**Steven Spielberg's** company), has been doing business as unusual lately. They've been sending out the call to all of **Hollywood's** leading men to cast **"To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything, Julie Newmar."** This Amblin property is the story about two drag queens on the road with a female companion. This sounds strangely like the story of how **Lady Bunny** and **Lahoma Van Zant** left their home in **Georgia** to make it big in **New York**! Hmmm! At press time, **Wesley Snipes** is cast for the role of **"Noxema,"** and **Patrick Swayze** will play **"Vida."** We're not familiar with **John Leguizamo**, but he's been cast to play the role of **"Chi Chi."**

Speaking of unusual casting choices for cross-dressed roles, **Terence Stamp's** performance in **"The Adventures of Priscilla: Queen of the Desert,"** stole the show at **Cannes.** Terence playsä a post-op transsexual, a stretch since the public knows him as the villain in such movies as **"Superman," Superman II," "Wall Street"** and **"Young Guns."** The movie's promotional tag lineä is **"Drag Is The Drug!"** Watch for it! It opens in the U.S. **August 12th**.

The **Kids In The Hall** have had a rather good run, but now its time to move on to other projects. **John Lush**, owner of **Choice Int'l**, the mail order firm that sells their t-shirts and other merchandise, told us that the Kids will tape their last show this summer. They're going to takeä a few weeks off and retreat to a cabin en masse somewhere in **Canada** to write their big movie. **The Kids In The Hall Movie** is set for release by **Paramount** for Summer, 1995, but no other information was available. Just wait for the reaction by our nation's teenagers! We predict thatä the wave of Drag to come will surpass the popularity of the **Hula Hoop**. Until the movie comes out, we can all still enjoy the syndicated reruns on Canada's **CBC**, or cable's **Comedy Channel**, or our very own network **CBS**. Watch for **Dave Folie** in the movie **"It's Pat,"** due out for Labor Day weekend 1994. Write to John for **Kids In The Hall merchandise!!!** K.I.T.H., P.O. Box 73, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2S6, Canada, and tell them you saw it in *Dragazine*!

The **Imperial Court of Los Angeles** invited us to attend the **Mr., Miss and Ms. Gay Pride Contest**, held at the **Revolver** in **West Hollywood**, just prior to and in conjunction with the **Christopher Street Festival** and **Gay Pride** parade. The lovely **Yellow Rose Empress Jamie Cole** and the **Court of Pride, Unity and Restoration of Los Angeles** called to extend an invitation. Butches, fems, drags, lipstick lesbians and everyone in between are called upon each year to participate. The Mr. contest for the men who don't dress, the Miss contest for those who do, and the Ms. contest for our **Lesbian** sisters. After the nominal entry fee of $10, contestants compete in sportswear, swimwear and formal attire, and earn points answering a brief Q & A. The questions regard bolstering community involvement and Gay Pride. An entertainment portion is purely optional. Once the contest is over, the winners earn the honor of riding on the Imperial Court float in the Gay Pride parade. The competition for winners is not only for fun. During the year of their reign that follows, Mr., Miss and Ms. Gay Pride must display community involvement. To do this, they must organize at least one fund raiser, either individually or with the help of the other winners, for the charity of their choice. The goal of the competition is not only to discover individuals who will enjoy charitable activities even after the fun of winning wears off. **The Imperial Court** is a lively social organization and holds regular monthly meetings on the first Tuesday of the month at Revolver. Contact Jamie at 213-368-0880 to find out more about this worthwhile non-profit institution.

Happy Birthday to former **Empress of Los Angeles, Rosie Del Mar**!!! She had a blast at **Ed Debevik's** restaurant on June 11th, and we were there in spirit!

At press time, we just loved the new play called **"Charlemaine,"** written by actress/playwrite **Sarah Miles** and performed for the first time in the US at the **Fountain Theater** in **Hollywood**. In it, a young man discovers his transsexual nature and deals with it as it affects his life and his marriage. One crossdressed audience member whispered, "it feels like deja vu!" See it when it comes to town!

As our new friends at San Francisco's **Rant and Rave Magazine** say, "the higher the hair, the closer to God!" And we'll see you out on the Boulevard, Girlenes! *DJ*

NICOLE WORKS SKIRT!

By the time this is printed, many tens of thousands will have gathered in New York City for the June 1994 extravaganza known as Stonewall 25, the celebration to mark the anniversary of the Stonewall Rebellion that was the watershed of modern Gay liberation. Empress Nicole Ramirez Murray wanted you to know that the interests of drag queens, transgenders, transsexuals, bigenders, crossgenders, androgynes, femmiphiles, transvestites, she-males, female impersonators, street queens, cross-dressers and other divas were represented by her presence as one of the National Co-Chairpersons of the event. Empress Nicole, also known as Nicole Ramirez Murray, is not just your ordinary drag queen. Nicole is the only person to have been elected to the National Executive Boards of both the 1987 and 1993 March on Washington, was the Chairperson of the Mayor of San Diego's first Gay/Lesbian Advisory Board, is a past National Executive Board Member of the Human Rights Campaign Fund (H.R.C.F.), and is a well-known, successful fund raiser and female impersonator. With a Latino heritage, Nicole was recently honored with the first annual Cesar E. Chavez Social Justice Award for over twenty years of hard work, dedication, and activism within two minority communities - the Latino Community and the Lesbian and Gay Community. To top it all off, the International Stonewall Ball was her personal brain child. The ball was hailed as "a global drag extravaganza." One of the other functions of the ball was to recognize twenty-five members of the drag/transgender community for making a difference and an impact on societal issues relating to the Lesbian and Gay community - locally, regionally, nationally, and internationally. "To celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Stonewall Riots and try to ignore the important role drag queens played is like celebrating Thanksgiving and not mentioning Native Americans," stated Nicole. "Stonewall 25 gives us the golden opportunity to educate a whole new generation about the history of our movement and the important role drag queens, bull dykes, and people of color played at the Stonewall Riots. "It is important to remember that lesbians and gays of different backgrounds and lifestyles were brought together 25 years ago because of the riots, and are coming together again to celebrate today in honor of that event. Stonewall 25 truly belongs to all of us."

A gratuitous photo of THE THREE STOOGES from *Rhythm and Weep*, Columbia Pictures, 1946

COURTESY OF RALPH JUDD

LOIS COMMONDENOMINATOR'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO

Mrs. Doubtfire Drag

ARTHUR GRACE

Robin Williams is Mrs. Doubtfire, and *you* can be too.

By now, you've all seen Mrs. Doubtfire, and if you haven't, we promise we won't ruin it for you here. Although the story is officially about what happens to families that go through the crisis of divorce, some of us see it as an exercise in doing good Nanny drag. Now you too can be Mrs. Doubtfire for Halloween, with our Complete Guide To Mrs. Doubtfire Drag!

Mrs. Doubtfire's full name is Eufeginia Doubtfire, but she prefers to be called Effie. Her resume must have included a lot of personal information to get that plumb job housekeeping for Miranda Hillard, but we've gone a few steps further here! Her white full-line support bra is a full-sized 42 DD. She loves to vacuum while wearing her size 22 Laura Ashley Liberty print pleated skirt or blue tweed pleated skirt, size 2X Faire Isles Cardigan sweater, mohair wool and cotton blend, or cable knit beige cotton cardigan, patterned bow tie blouse, white Signature blouse or white embroidered Placket blouse. Every blouse she wears is long-sleeved to cover those hairy forearms. Her taste in jewelry is simple; a modest pair of screw-on pearl earrings and an 18 inch strand of 6 mm white pearls over her collar, or sometimes she'll pin a round amethyst Monet brooch framed in white metal filigree at her closed high collar. While doing housework, she ties on a flower-patterned smock, and on her way home, she'll wear a purple and black plaid wool car coat. Her hairy legs are disguised with a pair of Hanes Alive Support Stockings Style 806 in Taupe, while her feet are adorned with a pair of brown Gillies shoes with stacked heels. Her favorite eyeglass frames are rose colored silhouettes called "Lydia," a design from the Spotlight Collection, distributed by Montreaux Eyewear. Her eyebrows are bleached out and unnoticeable. She contours lightly with taupe under her cheeks and uses a hint of brown eyeshadow. A wisp of dark brown mascara fattens the few eyelashes she has left, while pan-stick and loose powder finish off her glowing complexion. She wears papaya-orange colored lipstick with scarlet lipliner. Her nails are trim, and she uses clear polish. She carries a small beige shoulder bag and a larger landscape-patterned carpet bag. Her hair is tri-colored; a combination of white, blond and brown. It is worn side-swept, with a side-parted "S" wave, double rolls on the sides and a small braided bun in the back. As for sex, she says she hasn't had any since Winston passed away, but it's obvious to us anyway that she's into latex and rubber if you're interested. Her favorite music is "Dude (Looks Like A Lady)" by Aerosmith, "Walk Like A Man" by The Four Seasons, and "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" by James Brown.

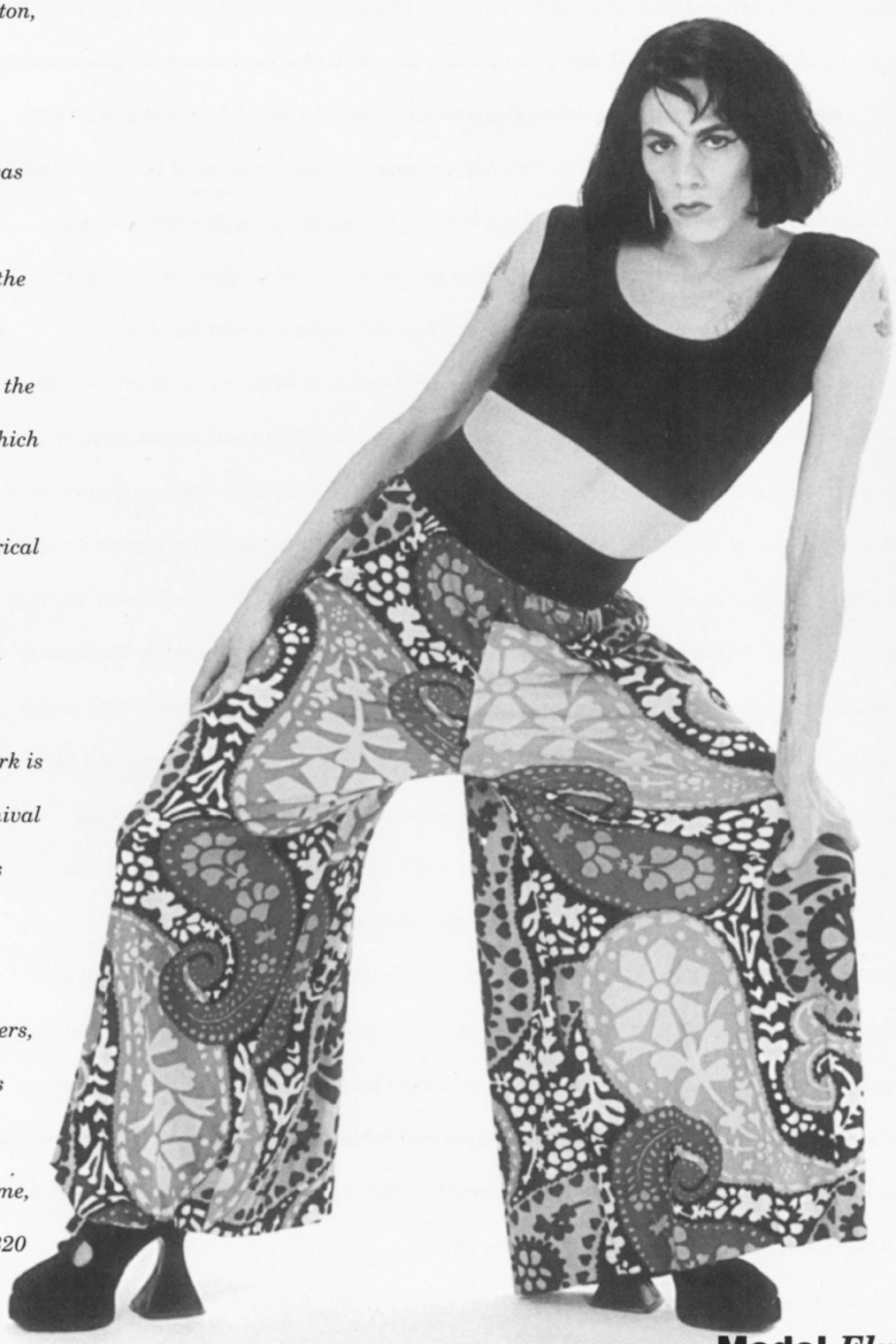
So be good nose miners, pump some neurons and buy a copy of this delightful Fox home video today! I got mine on sale! *DJ*

The Photography *of*

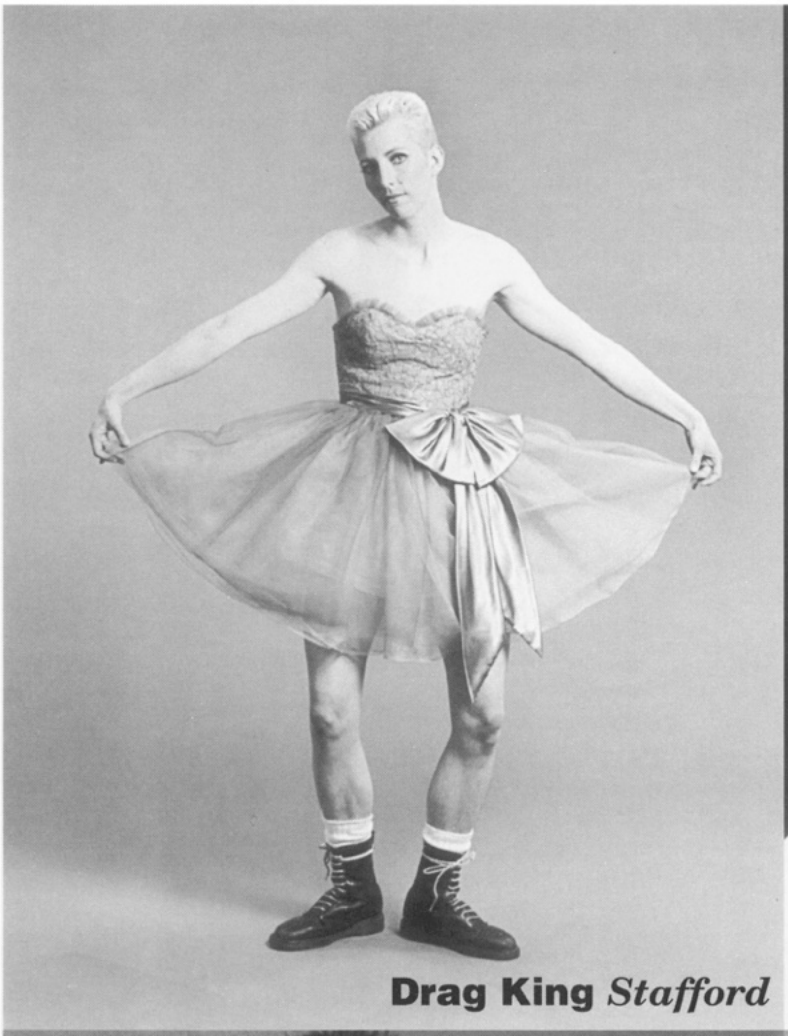
Daniel Nicoletta

A San Francisco Treat

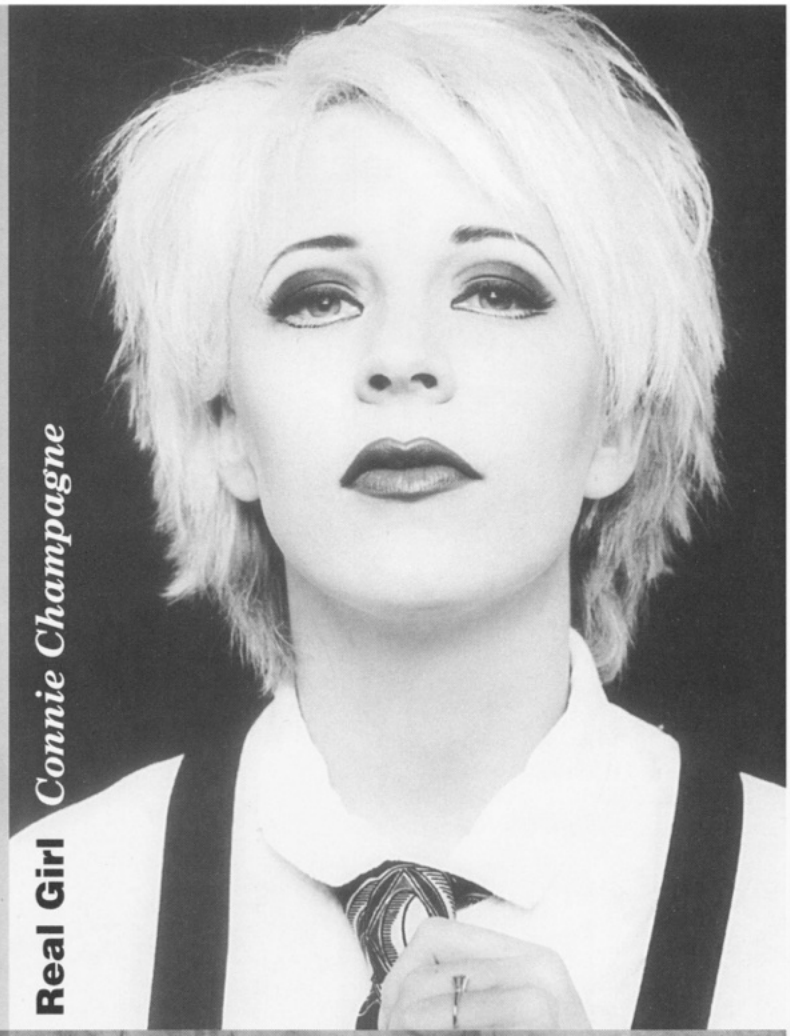
Danny Nicoletta is a San Francisco based freelance photographer. He began his career in 1975 as an assstant to the late Crawford Barton, at that time a staff photographer for the Advocate. He also worked in Harvey Milk's camera store in the heart of the Castro and was involved in several of Harvey's political campaigns. From the mid-seventies through the present, he has maintained a strong romance with San Francisco and its people, especially the gay, lesbian and transgender communities which he has devoted himself to representing and preserving in his photography. It is the theatrical in life that he is most attracted to as a photographer. Reporter Don Baird of the San Francisco Bay Times described Danny's work best when he said that "Daniel Nicoletta's work is as committed to its subjects as it is to an archival sense of history. He has recorded two decade's worth of incredible people: local heroes, politicians, Angels of Light, Emperors and Empresses, theatrical productions, teen hustlers, tattooed love gods, and of course, drag queens galore ... individuals we are going to want to have records of, exact icons of a moment in time, like a doorway into a charmed life." Studio: 320 Fell Street, San Francisco, CA 94122 415-861-8526. DJ



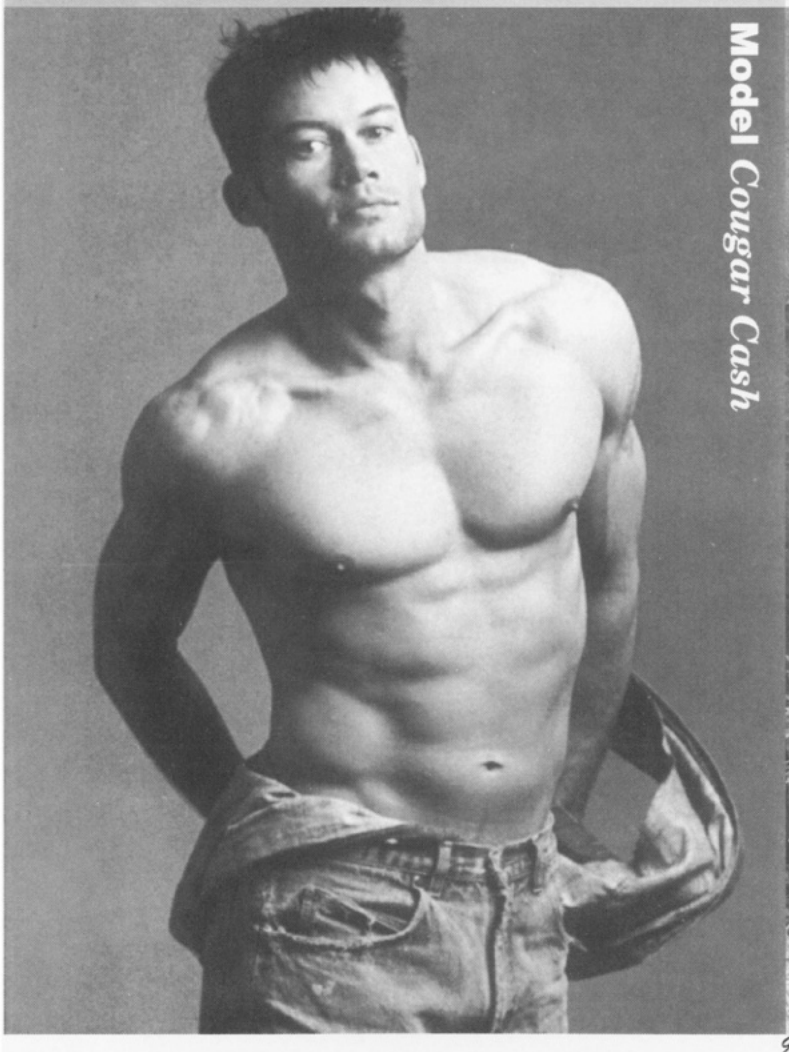
Model *Flynn*



Drag King *Stafford*



Real Girl *Connie Champagne*



Model *Cougar Cash*

Arturo Galster *Patsy Cline*

Vegas in Space's late *Tommy Pace*

Artist *Jerome Caja*

Performers *Justin Bond & Elvis Herselvis*

A Personal Fave *Miss Kitty*

Carpenteria *Johnny Kat & David*

Opulent Superstar *Ggreg Deborah Taylor*

ED WASSALL

Wanna Buy An Illusion

Ken Dickmann talks with Charles Pierce

As I entered the large condo complex in Toluca Lake, near the Warner Bros. Studios, it was evident that something had happened here. Light afternoon rain was beginning to fall and I wasn't quite sure where I was heading as I looked around. Suddenly from the third floor a voice said, "You! Down there!" I looked up to see a hand beconing me with a wave to come up to an open white door. The shadowy figure disappeared, but it seemed it was carrying either a dead monkey in its hand, or a basket full of freshly cut peonies. I couldn't tell. It was all happening too fast in the courtyard of cracked walls. I was about to enter the personal sanctuary of entertainer Charles Pierce.

In the spacious living quarters, there was no dead monkey, but walls filled with the framed photos of international stars that he had entertained. Here was not only his own history, but the history of a life intermingled with stars of yesterday and today, and drag queens we have known. Our lives had crossed before since I had been fortunate to have worked with Charles at the famous Gilded Cage in San Francisco. After a few shrieks and a couple of Bette Davis bon wits exchanged between us, we settled down to the world of Charles Pierce, past and present.

He began as a teenager of 16 doing radio announcing in his hometown of Watertown, New York in 1942. With the money he earned, it got him to California where he had been accepted at Gilmor Brown's famous Pasadena Playhouse acting school. He returned to New York and after two seasons of summer stock, was rehired by the radio station.

At a local church auditorium he designed a reading show reciting "The Highwayman," "Casey at the Bat" and other old chestnuts. "It must have been exciting for the people sitting out there listening," Pierce quipped. "I then wrote Gilmor at the Playhouse. He had opened up one of the two small balcony theaters, each having about 50 seats. Now there is only one theater as the wall was torn down to combine them. Here I am in the West Balcony doing "Casey at the Bat" and reading A. A. Milne.

"Evelyn Russell, who was married to director Joe Layton, came to see the show and came backstage and told me of a wonderful place on Sunset Boulevard called Cabaret Concert. She advised I go there because you could do whatever you wanted, so I went over. They didn't pay, but I still did weekends for two or three weeks working skits with Ruta Lee and Richard Deacon. To get there I would take a bus from Pasadena, but I had to hitchhike back on the freeway at midnight. From the reading show, which was a single entertainment, I went into more night clubby material.

"Then I saw Arthur Blake, the great impressionist, at the Bar of Music and he was doing the Bettes and the Maes and Norma Desmond. I wrote a three-page monologue for Arthur as Norma Desmond long before anything that we've got today. This was the Return to Sunset Boulevard. Norma Desmond has been in prison. I gave it to him and he later told me that he couldn't use it as he only did one or two lines per character.

"On the way home that night, I knew there was going to be a little gathering at a friend's home so I went and I did the skit for them myself. And that's how that started with Norma Desmond, and then Bette Davis as Scarlett O'Hara. One thing led to another during those props only days.

"I played the Club La Vie in Altadena on Sunday afternoons for five dollars. I did Tallulah's grandmother, Pocahontas Bankhead, long before I played Tallulah herself. At that time, I was the only entertainer working for a salary in a gay situation in Los Angeles. Club La Vie was the home of my first appearance and the first place to have gay entertainment. I opened myself up by appearing there, because in those days I never would have been hired from there to do a television sitcom. Today it doesn't matter."

I wanted to know about the club scene in the older days. Was there a club circuit for drags? "It really wasn't a circuit of clubs. If bar business was good, the owners would knock down walls and put in a small stage for a show. So, if you were in

town or anywhere and you knew where the clubs were, you'd ask for work, but there was no circuit.

"When I went from Club La Vie in 1954 to the Echo Club in Miami Beach that Christmas, I was there for the whole season. Then they wanted me back for the next season and I knew I had to do something special so I started working in semi-drag wearing trousers and putting Charleston dresses over them. Eventually, the trousers went and I got into the heels and it was Drag Power.

"I didn't think of drag as a career. I wanted to be a character actor in Hollywood. That's why I went to the Pasadena Playhouse and graduated," and in his best Bette Davis, "But you are in drag, Blanche, you are! It just evolved."

Charles is well known for his impeccable Bette Davis. He has perfected Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and found endless humor whenever Mae West delivers one of his lines. In a Charles Pierce show you will hear and see snitches of Barbara Stanwyck, Carol Channing, Joan Collins or the male voices of Jack Benny or Lionel Barrymore and recognizable voices from film and television. He did Lucille Ball when she was alive: "Ricky, the Mertzes want a four way! Ethel, Yes! Fred, Eeh!" Even in his rendition of Bette Davis doing Scarlett O'Hara, he gives Butterfly McQueen as Prissy a major role when she sings, "Just a few more days what to tote the weary load. It's summer and the old folks are gay. Hey, you gay old folk! Get off Miss Scarlett's porch!" And you can't beat the bitch fight between Davis and Tallulah as Pierce changes voices as fast as he changes bitch barbs between the two that has become a classic comedy scene. His execution of these figures is exceptional and legendary.

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I asked about the creation of these character's viewpoints: "When you create a character, is the make up working in hand with the attitude, or if you don't have the attitude, you don't have anything? Kenny Sacha used to do famous female stars without anything like a wig and still made it work."

"That's how I started," he responded, "in a tuxedo, no make up. If I was going to do Bette Davis, then I took some cheese cloth and wrapped it around my head so it'd look like Bette at her dressing table in "All About Eve." For Katharine Hepburn, I'd wear a pith helmet with a lot of veiling and I was in the "African Queen." I did have a gay 90's hat and a boa for Mae West so in the early part of my nightclub act, I travelled with just a foot locker with props and things. But then I found as I got into it more, by playing the same club, you had to change your material and wardrobe so I starting getting out of the tuxedo and into dresses and started shopping for high heels. The minute I was ready to go on and put on the high heels, the Bette Davis character or whoever I was about to do was just there.

"It's the attitude of course, but it's also that other person that takes over. The reason you're doing this, the reason you're putting on the heels and your undergarments and the dresses and the make up and everything else you want to go on to, let's say, your alter ego. That person takes over when you are in full face, the wig and the jewelry. And all of a sudden, you're someone else..., and that's why drag is taking over!

"To reveal something, if anybody remembers my night club act, when I came on usually it was myself in drag as an impersonator would be,

but I gave her a name that was never publi- cized, Celene Kendall. I was introduced as Charles Pierce, the master/mistress of disguise, or the Naughty Lady from Hollywood or Knob Hill. It was never Celene Kendall as no one would know who the hell that was. Celene was just a little thing between me and the people backstage. As an example, Philip Oesterman produced me at the Village Gate in New York. He used to check me out while I was making up without the wig. He would say to me, "How is Celene Kendall tonight?" And I would say, "I don't know, I don't have the wig on yet." And then as the conversation went by, I would put the wig on and he'd say, "How is she?" and I'd say, "Celene is wonderful tonight!"

From those humble drag beginnings, it took Pierce a while to change into something more glamorous. He never really shopped for a store-bought dress until one day when appearing at the Gilded Cage. The beaded and sequined blue dress came from a boutique on Union Square. He had always gone to costume shops for his attire, but this time it was different. "My stage clothes were nothing glamorous or modern, these were like costumes," he

informed me. "I think I was a little on edge when I went into the boutique as I went by myself. The woman was very nice and I explained that I was looking for a dress, a gown, a frock for my night club act. Being San Francisco, she probably could have cared less if it was a man or a woman. I think the dress is still hanging in my closet, believe it or not. I can't remember if I even tried it on. All I remember is I bought it. It was around $200 and I wore it that night at the Gilded Cage. From then on, I started working more and more into the glamour wardrobe plus the comedy stuff. It still was that time when men were not suppose to do this, but we did. Now it's advertised, and there are stores for transvestites. Basically, I would say, 80% or more of my wardrobe was made for me by designers, Art Barkley, Peter Morrow, Mr. Black and Herman George."

While Charles Pierce played solo from 1954 on, when he teamed with Rio Dante who used to see him at the Echo Club, history was made. "Rio's real name was Carol John Watson," relates Charles, "and I've forgotten why he called himself Rio - whether it was after the city or the Grande. But he would sit at the bar always elegantly dressed, a cigarette in a holder, wearing a large ornate ring on his forefinger and drinking beer out of the bottle. Arthur Blake always referred to Rio as "the Martita Hunt of the Twilight Zone." It turned out he was an accomplished concert pianist so he was incorporated into my act and played during the live material."

Rio and Charles played the Echo Club until the owner had a heart attack and the club closed. They moved to the Onyx Room, onto the Red Carpet on the beach and got booked into the Glory Hole in Central City, Colorado. "We found out that the Glory Hole had nothing to do with gaydom, but we played the room the Summer of 1962 and then got the hell out of there. In Colorado, we found that a Glory Hole is a mine, not an aperture!"

From there he and Rio went to the Capri Club in Hollywood. They opened at the Gilded Cage on Ellis near Powell in San Francisco on April 8, 1963. All these club dates were by the old reference and inquiry method.

With the small lounge stage in the bar area and the back room that sat 100 people and only used on weekends, the Gilded Cage soon became the spot for gay entertainment. Rio and Charles initially opened with "The Living Dolls" which were doll bodies they tied around their necks, with their own heads showing while working in black jumpsuits. Included in the array of crazy dolls was the raunchy Desiree Schwartz, the only stripping puppet around.

As the show became more popular the dolls were put away, and pantomime production numbers took their place in the back room that also used local talent. John (who knew Charles as a co-student at the Playhouse) and Norman were the Beverly Hill-Nellies. Others included tech-man and part-time performer Sabu, Michael Monroe who would dance on stage almost totally naked, and on occasion myself. And each weekend night Charles would end the show as Jeannette MacDonald perched on a swing singing "San Francisco."

"The Cage became a mecca for performers on tour," remembers Charles. "The dancers, hair people and dressers would discover our shows and dash back to their theatre and spread the word. One night Rudolf Nureyev showed up and returned with Dame Margot Fonteyn on his arm. She later presented me with her ballet shoes which she signed. They were framed and have been on my wall since 1967.

"We performed for Gale Gordon of "The Lucy Show," Leslie Uggams, and even Shari Lewis..., without Lambchop. Perhaps the greatest night was when Angela Lansbury brought her company from the first tour of "Mame." The response to her was so great, she had to stand on top of one of the little cabaret tables to be seen.

"But the times were changing. There was the hippie movement, gay bars became a place to see go-go boys, clubs such as The Gilded Cage were not packing them in anymore. We closed June 1, 1969, three weeks before the Stonewall Riots."

Eventually he came to the Village Gate in New York and opened on Christmas Night of 1974. One night Nureyev brought Clive Barnes of the New York Times and after a spectacu- lar three column review, New York was his for the next six months.

By this time Rio had gone to work for Time Life Books, so Charles was solo. "I did ten engagements at Freddy's in New York starting in

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1981," he recalls. "But there was no line between gay and straight. It was a New York audience and they were hip. They knew who Charles Pierce was and they wanted to see the act and laugh. Everybody that was in New York at that time came in to see me, from Vladimir Horowitz to Carol O'Connor. I remember Kitty Carlisle was in one night and I said something like, "We might be here all night until Kitty Carlisle gets into blue jeans and a t-shirt." Kitty liked that.

In the past, there was one appearance where I was glad when it was over. When I appeared at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco with a band, it was for the Podiatrists of America! Yikes! They didn't know what the hell was going on. I guess I should have done some feet jokes!"

Through all the club work and high profile experiences with celebrities, Pierce has always had definite ideas about what his stage persona was. One thing is for sure. He is not a drag queen. "Apparently today, everyone's talking about drag queens rather than female impersonators," he said. "Way back when, female impersonators were entertainers whether they did impressions, dance or sang in their own voice or did some kind of novelty act. We called others drag queens. Drag queens went to balls where people dressed up and went out on the street and went to parties. The entertainers never referred to themselves as drag queens. England refers to female impersonators as drag queens. I don't like the sound of it.

"At the end of my show I'd do the song, "Wanna Buy an Illusion?" and never take my wig off. T.C. Jones always took his wig off and of course, he was bald. Then there's the two women in Boston when T.C. Jones took his wig off, that screamed, "Oh, it's a bald headed woman!"

"But I never revealed myself on TV or interviews. When I did "Laverne and Shirley," I was the villain who got dressed up. Then I was an evil drag queen. No, I was really an assassin. As a kid I always dressed up to be someone else, and I still do. Technically and emotionally I have never been a drag queen. I am an actor playing a part.

"A drag queen..., well, a drag queen is someone of royalty who walks slowly." And in his best British, "Margaret, put that Coldstream Guard down, right now! You don't know where he's been!"

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"I did use the term "male actress" at one point. After the Gilded Cage closed, a couple of months later I was cast in an acting role in "Geese" at the Encore Theatre in San Francisco. All of a sudden I was going to be an actor playing a part of a woman. I certainly didn't want female impersonator to describe my being on the stage so I came up with Male Actress.

"But as the years have gone by compared to when I started, there were very few impersonators, or drag shows. T.C. Jones, Lynne Carter, Arthur Blake were the three headliners when I started in 1954. And we can include Rae Bourbon. Later, along came Craig Russell. Today we have Charles Busch, Randy Allen, Ru Paul and Lypsinka. Those are the ones today. I'm from another era. What does that make me, a grande dame?"

Today's drag image is very different than what he has seen. With today's drags and part entertainers like Jackie Beat, The Chanel Twins and Pussy Tourette, most of them are image personalities rather than stand up comedy or impersonators. They don't do the old stars or even the new ones. I asked the "grande dame" if his type of gay comedy will be eliminated as the new generation know less of the past?

"Today's image makers are not new. Look at Finnochio's in San Francisco. That's been there was 40 years. At that time they had no one that did impressions. They had Lestra Lamont who came out as the emcee and all of her costumes as she said herself, were "designed by Dennison." She designed all of her costumes out of Dennison Crepe Paper. Some of that wardrobe she created is now in museums, because his Gay 90's dresses were so beautiful. Lucien was billed as Sophie Tucker of the West Coast. But he didn't try to be Tucker. He just kind of belted out songs. They would be sung through a man's persona as a woman.

"The people today who are creating drag persona or even doing impressions, I don't think it's as much fun. I think we need more laughs from the performer. They're very serious today. If it's a Cher, that fine. If it's a Diana Ross, there are no laughs. Now, it's shifted to glamour. We used to do tacky things that were funny. It was all for laughs and today it's very serious."

Somehow through all this history, Charles has survived and perfected his act and has not only played clubs of renown such as the Venetian Room of the Fairmont Hotel, but also appeared twice at the

Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in the Los Angeles Music Center, home to the Oscars. Does this make him different from the rest?

"I suppose I could do one of those in-depth answers," he replied, "like I never get lost in Bette Davis or Hepburn or lost in Mae West. There's always a touch of me in there somewhere and people see that. I don't think that makes me different. I think someone else should tell me why I'm different. I don't know why. Yes, I do all these impressions, and I'm very meticulous about wardrobe and how professional the wigs and jewelry look, and how I look on stage. I did it for 36 years and I was always very careful and made sure everything was perfect before I went on stage. If I wasn't happy or nervous like a new show or new material, I knew it was going to bomb, and it usually did until I got to do it a couple of more times. I remember the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. We rehearsed during the day and then I went to the dressing room and made up. I was so sure of that material, I couldn't wait to get on stage. There were 3000 people out there waiting. I wasn't nervous, yet my nerves can come from thinking about doing the show two or three months from now when I have to be in New York. Does that make me different? I don't know."

Even though Charles is retired now, he occasionally does a special program like his Christmas '93 appearance with the Los Angeles Gay Men's Chorus, or a May '94 special appearance at the 20th Anniversary of San Francisco's longest running show "Beach Blanket Babylon." His material survives in many forms including those who have borrowed it.

"Over the years people have taken bits and pieces of my act and used them elsewhere," he said. "Liz Smith's column was talking about Dixie Carter crawling around on the top of a piano during her nightclub act. It said that Dixie must be doing her impression of Michelle Pfeiffer in "The Baker Boys." Wrong! Dixie Carter came to see my show in 1985 when I was lolling around on the top of a piano. Would Dixie Carter spread her legs as I did when I was doing Tallulah and say, "There's a tattoo darling right here on my thigh and it says, Abandon all hope, Ye who enter here." Or also as Tallulah, "Ever been this close to an open grave before?"

"When I used Male Actress, I kept it for a couple of years and then got bored with it and so when I went back into the nightclub circuit, Lori Shannon (known best for Beverly LaSalle on "All in the Family") took it and he was a male actress. He took that from me along with several of my other ideas and lines. "It takes a man to wear an outfit like this," is now being used by Lee Roy Reams across the country when he does Zaza in "La Cage aux Folles."

"I think people picked up on ideas, and I don't say, I didn't pick up on other's ideas. We don't know that people use the lines, and now that I'm not doing the act, who knows who's doing my act. In fact, I just got a letter from a friend who asked, "When you die, 30 years from now, how about willing me all your comic material?"

"I often thought that I would open a new act with all the old jokes I knew over the past 36 years something like "We might be here for some time until the landing lights are lit for Amelia Earhart." And then Amelia says, "Where the fuck is everybody?" Well, my friend just cracked up and that's the oldest joke in the world. The old ones are still the best.

"I came up with an idea that we book the Helen Hayes Theatre in New York. I start at four in the afternoon and the audience is there until 6:15pm. We'd have an hour and 15 minute break, and I would be back at 7:30 and go until 10pm and I do all of my characters. We'll call it Dragathon for my Dragazine fans!" DJ

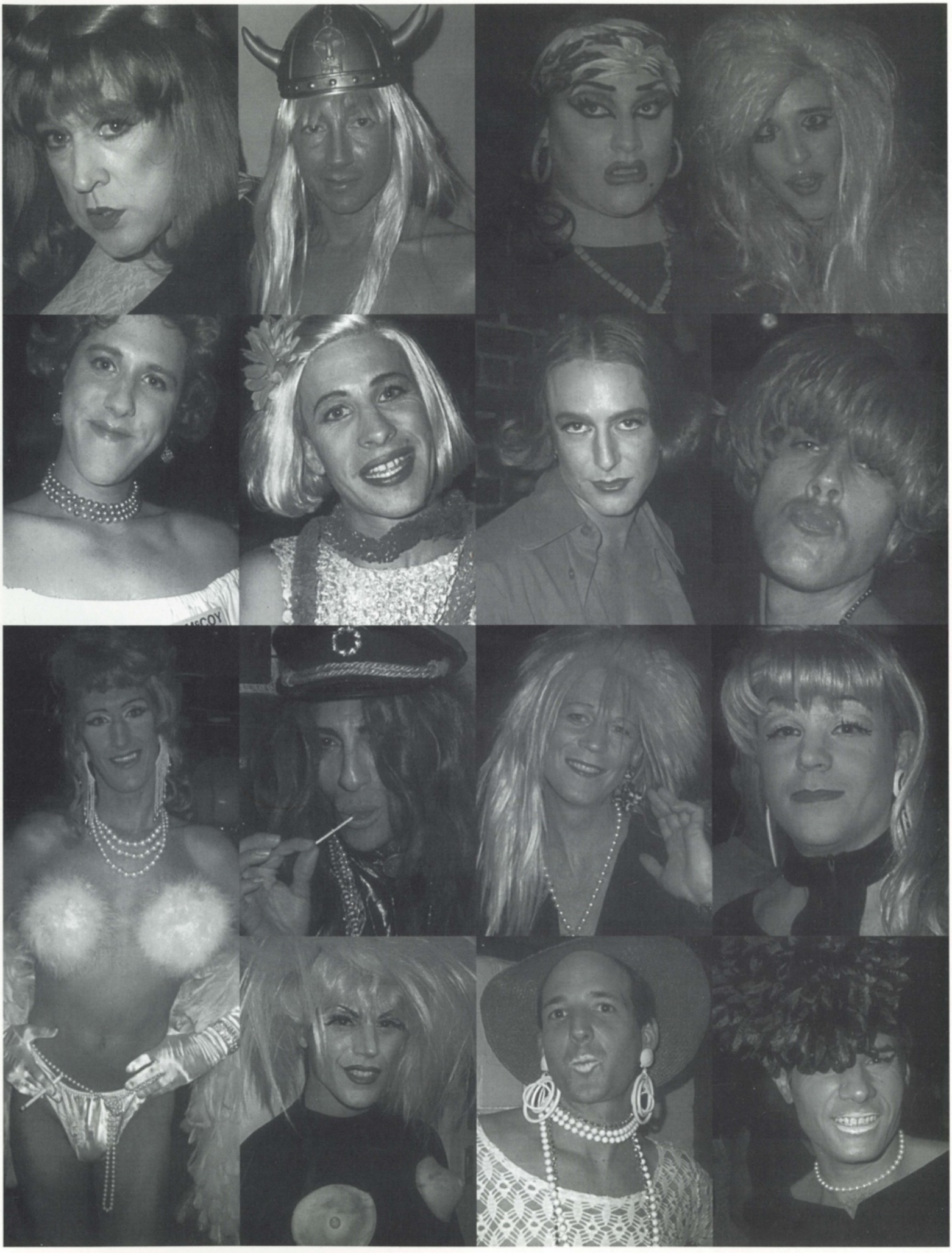
WEST GRAPHICS

Wendel
by Howard Cruse
IT'S SHOWTIME, FOLKS! MY NAME IS GLENN...
CHARTER
NATIONAL MARCH ON WASHINGTON FOR LESBIAN & GAY RIGHTS
...AND THIS DYKE WITH THE GUITAR IS DEBORAH LAUREL!
TELL 'EM ABOUT YOUR OUTFIT, GLENN!
NO MORE CRAP!
©1987 by H. Cruse
THIS TATTERED SHMATA IS THE VERY GOWN I WORE IN 1969, THE NIGHT WE ANGRY FAIRIES DID HISTORIC BATTLE WITH THE COPS OUTSIDE THE STONEWALL INN!
...NATURALLY, I WOULDN'T MARCH ON WASHINGTON IN ANYTHING ELSE!
SINCE BOB HOPE WAS UNABLE TO BE HERE, IT HAS FALLEN UPON DEB AND ME TO PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU DASHING LADS AND LEZZIES AS WE DRAW NEAR OUR NATION'S CAPITAL ON THIS NOBLE DAY!
THEREFORE WE'VE DECIDED TO GOOSE YOUR SPIRITS WITH AN INSPIRATIONAL ANTHEM OF OUR OWN DEVISING!...
When I was small and barely born, God said hello to me!
He told me to salute the flag And the flag would make me free!
He told me POWER was mine to have—
—And He handed me the key:
Be male! Be white! Fight who I say fight!...
And achieve your destiny!
Smack!
The punch line was: it WASN'T God! —But the joke hit gradually...
It was just the voice of a screwed-up world Needing PSY-CHO-THER-UH-PEEEE...
I HAVE THIS COMPULSION TO DRESS UP AS GOD AND OPPRESS PEOPLE, DOCTOR!
ZE TREATMENT KUTT BE LUNG UND HEXPENNZIFF...
Couldn't make up rules it could keep itself, So it made up rules for me...
Watch yer gait! Act straight! Learn to PROCREATE!
—That's the only way to be!

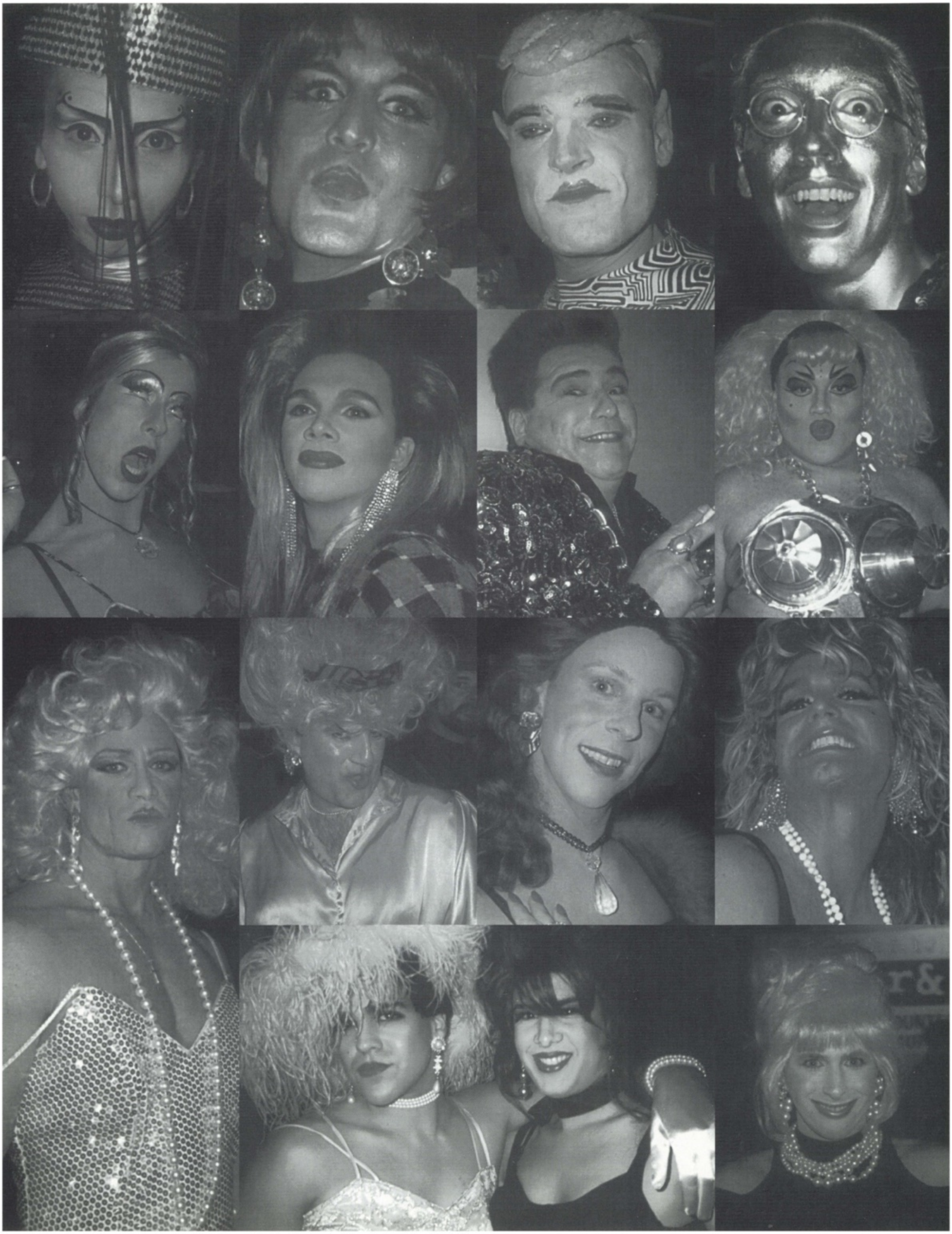
Smack!
BOP!
Well, I've got no time for a dizzy deity...
...That can't make room for my loving friends and me!
And that goes twice for governments Building laws on bigotry!
BANG!
I DECLARE YOUR HUMAN RIGHTS FACETIOUS!
ME, TOO!
ME, TOO!
ME, TOO!
They think they own this big, green Earth— Let 'em show the deed to me!
HETEROSEXUALS ONLY NEED APPLY
I'm here to march for the freedom of My human family!
Washington DC 1 mile
If you're gay today In the U.S.A., There's just one way to be...
CRUSE
...and that's a Pissed-off crowd Standing tall and proud For our lives and liberty!
WASHINGTON D.C.
OCTOBER 11, 1987

Photorama

LOIS ON THE LOOSE IN HOLLYWOOD!
SHE FINALLY SNAPS!



CHANEL



WILLIAM POWELL IN *LOVE CRAZY*; MGM

ARTHUR LAKE IN *BLONDIE GOES LATIN*; COLUMBIA STUDIOS • PHOTO BY M.B. PAUL

19
The Golden Age

As Drag fans, we should all appreciate the fine job Dustin Hoffman did in his portrayal of Dorothy Michaels in Tootsie. Today, Robin Williams is earning accolades for his work as the British nanny in Mrs. Doubtfire. What about stars of yesteryear and their Drag roles?

Drag has been King, or should we say Queen, for many years prior, and Ralph Judd won't let us forget it. Ralph Judd is probably the most pre-eminent Drag historian around, and anyone wishing to do the complete story of Drag would be wise to consult him first. Ralph has perhaps the most extensive collection of crossdressing memorabilia in the San Francisco Bay Area - or any other area for that matter. Among his archival treasures are such rarities as sheet music featuring men and women cross-dressed, dating from the late nineteenth century to the nineteen twenties! He also has a vast collection of movie stills from the earliest decades onward, and an astounding collection of lobby cards. We are grateful to him for lending out some of his irreplaceable pieces for us to share with you. Ralph picked the year 1941 to make his selections for us. Why 1941?

"Crossdressing in films had a Golden Age that coincided with the reign of Hitler in Nazi Germany," explained Ralph. "That fact is new grist for the historians of culture. Hitler was Chancellor from 1934 to 1944. The same period bracketed drag's finest hours. A peak year for both was 1941. The Studios released more drag movies in the U.S. in 1941 than in any other year before or since. How many were there? The

41 of Movie Drag

tabulators are still counting. Why so much drag? Was the U.S. putting on a skirt to hide from the reign of terror overseas? If so, we're talking about a big put-on!

Hitler and Drag - a strange pair from the Golden Age. Most of these movies were comedies. People wanted to laugh. Hitler made them cry. So, what were the results from letting loose all this comedy and tragedy on the world? Why, Hitler died, of course, and Drag lives on. Ars longa; vita brevia."

Some of the other stars and movies from 1941 that aren't pictured here were Johnny Downs in *All American Co-Ed* from Hal Roach, Larry Fine in *All the World's a Stooge* from Columbia, Huntz Hall in *College Days* (Released as *Zis Boom Bah*) from Monogram, Jack Benny in *Charley's Aunt* from 20th Century Fox, Hugh Herbert in *Meet the Chump* from Universal, Jack Haley & Jack Oakie in *Navy Blues* from Warner Bros./First National and Fuzzy Knight in *Stagecoach Buckaroo* from Universal.

If you're a drag enthusiast, you'll want to get his latest product - a collection of ten postcards showing men dressed as women and women dressed as men. He calls it Gender Pending - Vintage Drag on Movie Lobby Cards, and it's only $4.95 complete. His latest book is called Drag Gags Returns, and shows a much larger collection. Send $8.95 plus $2.05 S&H (California residents add sales tax) in check or money order payable to Ralph Judd, 1330 Bush St., #4A, San Francisco, CA 94109. Credit card orders can call 800-637-2256, or for more information, dial 415-441-5377. DJ

MICKEY ROONEY IN *BABES ON BROADWAY*, MGM

PROFESSIONAL BOXERS AND WRESTLERS IN *JAIL HOUSE BLUES*, UNIVERSAL

AIDA PAVLETICH

Hello Gorgeous!

Barbra Does Domain

by Gregory Halstead

Hello gorgeous! Uggh! I wanna do things I've never done, and try things I've, um..., never tried, ya know? One thing I've never done is rent a crappy little theater and have an intimate evening, and one thing you have never done as an audience member..., is paid so little to see me. Uggh! I need my tea! Sllllurrrrpppppph. Yeuccch! Oy! I could have done a spit take, but I have too much respect for the furniture!

I want to simplify my life. I want to let go and let God, ya know? I just hope God gets it right. I don't mean to be blasphemous or anything really, um..., but there are certain ways things should be done..., and I happen to know what those ways are. But before I can go on I must, um, give up material things, ya know..., and exchange them for cash. Lots of it.

I try to let my fingernails grow, so I chew my toenails in private. Well, I couldn't do it in public! PFFFPT! Mmmmph! My hair is attracted to my mouth like gay men to my albums! I don't understand the attraction. Does that happen to other women?

People have been complaining that I don't treat my mother very well. I don't see what the problem is. For instance, I just bought her a car. I thought she'd be more comfortable living in a Ford Escort than that tacky one bedroom apartment she's been living in.

When I was starting out, I thought it would be novel to, um..., and when I say novel I don't mean a book..., to drop the middle "a" from Barbara, so I changed it to Barbra. And, um..., I'll tell you one thing; all my life I've felt this void since I've done that, and I've tried to fill the void with tea, with money, projects, boyfriends, with attitude. But, um..., I've just come to the realization that all my life, all I ever really needed was that fuckin' "a"!

I'm doing a new project now..., I call everything I do projects; I call my films projects, I call my concerts projects, my albums projects. My new album project is all songs from the public domain. Do you know what the public domain is? That's, um, where copyrights, uh, to works have either run out, or, um, don't exist, or, um, in other words they're free to use. And you don't have to worry about calling the author of the project in the middle of the night like I like to do with Stephen Sondheim and ask him to change the lyrics for me, because, uh, the author's probably dead. That way I can rewrite all my songs to make them sound like they're about me, and not have to worry about paying anybody for the rights to use the material. O.K. - the facts are...; it's cheap...it's free! You can rewrite them to be about yourself, and people are already familiar with the tunes so it's an easy sell, ya know what I mean? Not that I would have any trouble selling an album!

This is from what we've entitled The Domain Album. Um, some of the covers on the album are such wonderful tunes as uh..., ya know I hum for five minutes before I get into the tune. "Mmmmm mmmm mm." Has nothing to do with the tune but I like to hum. Also it clears the phlegm out of my throat. Ugghh! "A hundred bottles of beeah on the wallllll. A hundred..., bottles of beeaahhhmmm." Beeaahhmmm? I just realized something. It's politically incorrect for me to sing that tune, because if I sing it as written, I'm condoning the abuse of alcohol. After all, a hundred bottles of beer on the wall is not an occasional cocktail with a friend! Ugghh! I think I'll just hum the whole damn thing and call it a day! Then there's..., "Lullaby...yah..., and goo, hooodniiiight. Lullaby-and-goodnight! Lullaby-and-goodnight! Lullaby-and-goodniiiiight!" I felt the juxtaposition between opening the song in a melodic ligato, and then capping it with a hard staccato ending, perfectly mirrors what a young parent must go through trying to get a child to fall asleep. Frustratin', isn't it?

The sequel to the Domain album is called Back To Domain. That's where I sing with my half-sister Roslyn. We are doing a duet together of Ice Cream, You Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream. This is very difficult for me to do with Roslyn, ya know, but I've worked through a lot of the anger and resentment. You see, when I was 10 years old, my stepfather, Roslyn's daddy, wouldn't buy me an ice cream cone because he said I was too ugly. I think I've actually made up for lost time since then by dating Richard Baskin, ya know - the heir to the Baskin Robbin's fortune? Anyway, I'm able to do that song now. Of course, I'm mixing Roslyn out of the final cut.

I've noticed that the trend in films..., these days has been to uh, take a,

um, television show and turn it into a big blockbuster film, ya know what I mean? Like Dragnet, The Addams Family, Beverly Hillbillies. Uggh! Oy! Well some of them work out. Anyway, I decided to take the television situation comedy I Love Lucy and turn it into a great film, ya know? But I'm more interested in Lucy the woman - the Inner Lucy. I'm gonna be doing my Lucy a lot like Lucille Ball's Lucy, but um, the main difference between the two characters is - this Lucy can sing. Really, good. Ya know what I mean? Also, in the casting process for this project, uh, we searched high and low for the perfect Ricky Ricardo. He had to be somebody warm..., somebody funny..., somebody musical, ya know what I mean? We are so pleased to have signed..., Christopher Walken. Also the part of Ethel required the talents of a comic genius..., and I feel very fortunate to have cast Sada Thompson. Funny lady. So funny, ya know what I mean? Funny. Really funny. Um..., the part of Fred, I felt should be played by a woman, and the perfect choice was Tyne Daly. I'll also be singing my thoughts in this like I did in Yentl.

OK..., I can do a quick scene for you. Uh..., imagine if you will the year is circa 1955. It takes place in that living room with the uh, brick wall on the left side of the screen and that blank wall in the back with the pictures on it and the piano up against it. See, I decided not to use the set with the window, because this is the 50's, and Lucy did not yet have a window to look out of to see a piece of sky, ya know what I mean? That's a reference to Yentl. A piece of sky. Ugghh! Oy! Anyway, here we are. Uh, Ricky's about ready to go off to the club, and Lucy...uh, has a special request to make. "Rickyyy? Ricky. I wanna be in the show, ya know what I mean? After all, I've got 36 expressions. Uggh." And now we find out that Ricky already has a girl to play the part, and then he laughs at her..., "ahuhh, huhh, huhh." And then what I do is get in the "ooo, waaa, ugghhh...," oy!

So it turns out Ricky leaves, she doesn't get the part, she doesn't know what she's going to do, she calls Ethel and goes, "Hello Ethel? Oh..., Fred? Anyway, I wanna talk to Ethel. I'd like to take advantage of her co-dependent nature, ya know what I mean? Oy! Ugghh! Waaaa, oooyeagh!" Then the part where I sing my thoughts like in Yentl, singing my subtext, ya know? "Oh, I know why.., he treats me like thiiiiis. It's because I'm ahh..., womannnnn." Slllrrrrpppph. Mmm, this tea is good. Ya know I can hold my tea. I can also hold a note. Ugghh!

I'm also thinking of doing a remake of That Girl called That Person. She's a struggling director, and the only difference between Marlo Thomas' version of That Person and mine, is that this That Person..., can..., sing. Or we can do My Mother, The Car, and this car can..., sing, or Endora, The Woman, a remake of Bewitched. It's very much like Agnes Morehead's version of the witch, but this Endora can..., sing.

I also thought The Piano was a nice little movie. It was muddy and it was cute, and that bonnet she wore drove me out of my mind, but I've made some changes. This movie's gonna be really big, really big. My Piano is gonna be really..., big! Its gonna be muddier, bigger, and I'm playing the role of the mute, Aida, which Holly Hunter played, and I'm doing Aida very similarly to Holly's Aida, but I'm not wearing that damn bonnet - I'm going to wear a blond pageboy. The main difference however, between that mute and my mute..., is this mute can..., sing. And since it's such a big film, we're calling it The Grand Piano.

I've noticed another trend in films is taking cartoons, ya know what I mean, and turning them into blockbuster films, such as The Flintstones. I'd like to get my hands on the ancillary rights to that! Ugghh! Actually, I'd like to strike up a deal with McDonald's, have them sell the Barbra Happy Days Meal. A Barbra Supermarket? Oy! I'm getting off the subject. Uh, since The Flintstones is proving to become such a blockbuster film, I decided to take something that no one's ever done before, and that is the French classic cartoon Babar, The Elephant, ya know? It's a story of this elephant kingdom, and, uh, Babar is married to Celeste, and they kind of run this kingdom of elephants, ya know? Don't worry..., these elephants can't sing. But when I do it, I'm going to be playing all the parts in this one. I'm going to do the entire project in elephantese, and use subtitles so you know what the hell I'm saying, um, kind of like..., "pphhphpff..., phphff." And we're calling it, Babar-bra. I went to Hanna Barbera to get the rights to do it..., I didn't know it at the time they didn't have the rights to it..., but, uh, they told me no so I bought the place and they said sure, fine. After I bought the place I took a ladder, a can of paint and a brush and climbed up there and brushed out the "e" from Barbera, so that it's now Hanna Barbra. That's the first thing I did when I bought the place.

You know, often when I make calls, I forget to tell them who I am, and I don't like the way they treat me. Sometimes people think I'm a guy on the phone. That's a hormonal imbalance - I am 52 years old and I have to shave my hands. What do people want, ya know? They want me to change my nose, they want me to change my hair, they want me to change my material, but one thing I will not do..., is shave my hands. Everybody likes to build me up and tear me down, ya know what I mean? But I refuse to alter my voice for any stranger on the phone, ya know? In my stage show, I often make live phone calls, and one evening, I had a yen for tongue, and I thought I'd call this restaurant where they wrap up their leftovers in the shape of ducks, and I thought that it was very reasonable that since I was doing a commercial for them, since I was talking about them in front of my audience, that they send me the food for free. All I wanted was a tongue on rye, hold the mayo, and wrap it like a duck. Not only would they not send it for free, they refused to wrap it like a duck!

I had a reservation on the Concord to fly to London for the opening of my tour, and I asked them if I could get a tongue sandwich, and they told me it was

impossible. Can you believe that? First of all, didn't we learn anything from Yentl? Nothing's impossible! And second of all, you think the prices we're paying the Concord, they could run out to a deli and make me happy, the motherfuckers! Oh, we'll cut that part out, won't we? All I wanted was a tongue on rye, hold the mayo, please..., and wrap it like a duck!

Uggh! People! And when I say people, I don't mean the magazine! What do they want from me? What are you trying to do? Get me to sing? How much cash do you have on you? I'm willing to negotiate. You know, actually, I've realized during this concert tour that I'm on right now, at the time of this interview anyway, um, you know I'm making a lot of money on this thing. One way I've found to make even more..., is to scalp my own tickets. Now lets see..., I have Main Floor here, I have Club Circle..., in the Anaheim Arena. Um, what else do I got? $50 seat here. $110 bucks - what do you say? Take it or leave it. I'll get you four in a row - four next to each other - $440 bucks. Well, see, you never know..., they might not be available by the time the concert starts. What do you think? What do you got? What about that ring you're wearing? What am I saying? I've given up material things. Just taking cash. I'll take credit cards too.

What Do People Want?! All I really want is a relationship..., with a real man. I mean, Jason can do it, why can't I? I mean really, ya know? I would give it all up for the perfect relationship. All of it. Almost all of it.

I am a new Barbra. I'm an evolved Barbra. Actually I'm all Barbra's - I'm old Barbra, new Barbra, future Barbra, present Barbra. I'm every Barbra that ever lived. Now, you will hear several references to Jesus in some of my songs during the Seventies when I was the Christian Barbra, but I'd really rather not discuss that, please. Slllllurrrrpppph...ahh. I do miss the perm, though. *DJ*

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fertile & kinky

a video review by *Lois Commondenominator*

RICK CASTRO

A Video by Rick Castro. 60 Minutes. Starring: Fertile La Toyah Jackson, Vaginal Davis, G.G. Allin, Karen Black, Flea, Kembra Pfahler of the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black, Tattooed Love-God Ron Athey, Anthony Kiedas, Joe Delassandro, Dr. Ruth Westheimer, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Patti LaBelle, Raquel Welch, Wilber Urbina, Faye Dunaway, Marina Del Rey, Lorraine Bracco, Billy Idol, Lancelot Garcia, Luther Vandross, Duchess de Sade, Buster Beaute', Peter Berlin and Robert Downey Jr.

fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine is one of the most innovative and original zines on the scene. It was created by the wondrous visions of performance artist and hot, sexy dominatrix, Vaginal Creme Davis. Since we were already fans of his print work, we immediately responded to the mail order offer that appeared in the Advocate classifieds. According to the promotional kit, the video promised to deliver "Prostate Probing Interviews, Live Action Murder, Tired Death-Rockers, Naked People, Porno Legends, Laundry Parties and Much, Much More!" It's all those things, but what it also turns out to be is Vag's home video Valentine to kindred spirits of the Drag/Art scene.

In the first segment, Fertile and Vaginal introduce themselves to us. They are all dolled up in grunge-drag lounge wear, strewn out across their living room couches and ready to be our guides to LA's underground scene. A lesson in street vernacular is first given, but the phrases seem to be a code that only these two queens know. We learn new terms that Fertile has been using and that she wants credit for in case we start copying her. A *Shannen Doherty* for instance, is a no talent diva debutante princess with no right to be, and a *Jason Priestly* is a tired and pathetic closet case. This clever repartee eventually weasels Fertile and Vag right into our hearts and minds, giving us a false sense of security that we're ready for what comes next.

Vag next shows us her talents for bi-lingualism, plus her talent for looking at the darker side of life. She plays Christina Ramon, a distraught television reporter for the local Spanish speaking channel who has just left a crime scene. Christina is breathless after witnessing the on-camera grave-side murder of her interview subject, a mourning mother. The mother just lost her child in a terrible accident and was visiting the grave site when her drunken and estranged husband shows up and plugs her with lead right in front of Christina, blaming the mother for the child's death and accusing the mother of being a bad lay as a contributing factor.

We then turn to the world of high fashion. It was on the occasion of the AmFar fund raiser featuring a fashion show by Jean-Paul Gaultier at the Shrine Auditorium. Madonna and Faye Dunaway worked the runway, which shows you just how much fun this was. Patti LaBelle and Luther Vandross filter in and out of the camera's view after having performed on stage. The segment documents the giddy demimonde of high fashion, and we were there!

Kembra Pfahler is the subject of the next segment. Kembra is the lead vocalist for a hard-core rock band brazenly titled The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. Vag knows a kindred spirit when she meets one. Kembra explains her particularly ghoulish fashion sense when she tells Vag, "I'm an Availablist." Her odd look was cultivated by making use of what is available, which looks like she got into the green tempora finger paints for her base coat. The music is great, however!

As for the rest of the video, if you're fascinated by piercing and/or mummification, then send your money today! It makes a great party tape! You must state that you are 21 years old. Send $21 (cash or money orders preferred) plus $5 S&H ($8 overseas) to: Pyewackett Productions, 1312 No. Stanley Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046. It's X-rated for X-cellence! DJ

High Noon High Heels

Doing Downtown with Glennda & Camille

by Lois Commondenominator • edited by Virginia Prince

TRACEY TIPPET

In *Glennda and Camille Do Downtown*, film maker Glenn Belverio portrays his alter ego, the glamorous and fabulous Drag Queen Glennda Orgasm, a New York-based talk show hostess. She terrorizes downtown Manhattan regularly with her brand of street guerilla theater. In this week's installment, Glennda pairs up with the controversial scholar and author, Camille Paglia. The amazonian Drag Queen and diminutive professor continue a conversation, reacting to their environment on a daring stroll through the glare of a bright Spring day in downtown New York.

The first incident involves an "accidental" run-in with *Women Against Pornography*. Camille rips into the defenseless pamphleteers, while Glennda stays calm, glittering in the noon-day sun. Camille acknowledges this debate to be a mismatch by describing her ill-prepared opponents as "sex-despising, First-Amendment-defiling Dworkinites who can go to hell!" The dynamic duo trail off to the next stop, but not before Glennda mugs that "a day without pornography is like a day without sunshine!" The two reflect upon the confrontation and what it means to the future of feminism and the Gay movement.

The next stop is the site of modern Gay liberation's flash point, the old Stonewall Inn. Camille sanctifies the ground by kissing it, then credits Drag Queens for being in the forefront of modern gay liberation. The importance of Drag Queens to the modern gay movement is mythic, asserts the irascible firebrand. Camille hyperbolizes further by saying that, "I learned how to be a woman from Drag Queens."

Topics, issues and subjects get tossed into a mean garden salad of ideas. The two broadside every sacred cow in sight, including the Catholic Church, when Camille brings up the sado-masochistic undercurrents in certain Mediterranean traditions. On their way to their next destination, Miss America becomes politically correct again.

Gay Pleasures Adult Bookstore becomes the backdrop for their next interlude. An ogle of X-rated merchandise serves as a stepping stone to a frank exploration of the aesthetics of gay male pornography. Heterosexual porn and feminist lesbian products are held to ridicule. Camille cites her envy of gay male sexual athleticism while quoting statistics that place gay men on top, straight men next, straight women third and lesbians on the bottom of the sexual frequency totem pole. The discussion meanders further, this time grazing the issues of child abuse hysteria and Lolita-ism. Finally, the tour culminates at the exotic locale of the notorious Hudson River sex piers. Camille and Glennda's discussion of women's responsibility in date rape cases is stimulated by the idea of men having sex in the shadows on the unstable rotting planks, sometimes falling into the drink. What a way to go!

To order a copy, send $27 U.S. in money order payable to Glenn Belverio, P.O. Box 20553, New York, NY 10009, and don't delay! The full written transcript of this video (and much more than you've bargained for), will be available when "Vamps and Tramps; New Essays by Camille Paglia," is published in Fall of '94 from Vintage Books. Ask for it! *DJ*

TRACEY TIPPET

*f*rench bitch

a music review
by Lois Commondenominator

CLIFFORD BAKER

*f*irst, our sincerest congratulations go out to Pussy for winning the 1994 San Francisco Cable Car award for "Entertainer of the Year," and it's no wonder. Pussy is a charismatic performer with a saucy cabaret lounge act that generates a loyal and adulating fan base. We know you'll want to be Pussified too!

Pussy Tourette In Hi Fi is a danceable and listenable album that not only any self-respecting Drag Queen should own in her collection, but anyone who's into good, hot tracks! Pussy's image and music drips with inspirational and confrontational imagery that's unapologetic and up front about life on the wild side. Pussy's got a whip! Meow! When Pussy Sings, People Listen...

On ***Bridgette***, Pussy's vocals slither around a guitar-driven slow-rock homage to fellow S.F. Drag rocker Bridgette Brat. As a young boy, Bridgette gets caught cross-dressing by an unapproving parent, sending him over the edge, into a tailspin and down the abyss. He lands in the world of leather, whips and domination.

French Bitch is the hit single and video that made it onto the Playboy Channel! The wheezing accordion fills the atmosphere like a meandering Drag Queen whose just about to pick a cat fight with the competition over her man, only the competition is a Real Girl.

$70 gets Pussy purring about the high cost of sex in 1993 dollars, set to a cat-house rock tempo.

Heels thumps to a danceable techno-synth beat claiming Drag gives us no choice, we are chosen.

The next song, ***If I Can't Sell It***, follows with the tag line, "I'm going to sit on it," and is a wonderfully double entendred tune. It is the only song on the album not written by Tourette. He's chosen a classic honkey-tonk tune to cover by Hill-Razaf that's been around for years, and Tourette's rendition does it justice.

In ***Free Pussy***, Pussy defends himself when the cops pulls him over for selling it. "But officer, I was giving it away!" It's a slow blues number with a fuzzy guitar that questions our right to look as sexy as we want without harassment.

After You is Pussy's life-quest for the next Mr. Right to light her fire now that Mr. Almost Right has recently flown the coop. (This one definitely reminds us of a Christopher Rage number.)

Pussy's Boogie is a rousing swamp rock number sounding a lot like a Lux Interior tune from the Cramps, and for that we love it indeed! It uses a driving beat to tell the story of a slut who becomes a social disease vector.

Bracelets are those trinkets and baubles that make girls (or Drag Queens) happy. Pussy relates to jewelry in a slow, jazzy blues style.

I Think He's Gay is the funniest track of them all. Deb Del Mastro, one of the two backup singers on the album, does this cut opera style. It's an aria sung with an accompaniment of plucking strings about a girl's lamentation over a boy who'd rather swim to France than get into her pants.

Dragazine's readers get a special price to order a copy of this album, so act today! Send $15 for CD or $10 (P&H included) for cassette to Feather Boa Music, 584 Castro Street, #260, San Francisco, CA 94114, Ph: 415-648-8869. Call The Pussy Tourette Hotline (213)660-1180 for schedule of public appearances and performances, or write to Allan Gassman Public Relations, 1800 N. Normandie Ave, #109, Hollywood, CA 90027. *DJ*

the dil*do's* and *do not's* of safer

sex

with Latoya Latex

Hi Dolls! This is Latoya Latex, official Spokes-Drag-Queen Supermodel for the AIDS Project Los Angeles (APLA) Sex Essentials Program. We do outreaches; hang out on street corners and invite people to our meetings to discuss safer sex and see our condom demonstration. I mean, I'm good at it, honey! At our meetings, we have something called the Sex-O-Rama show where we show how to make safer sex hotter and safer than ever!

What is safer sex, you ask? We'll let you know all the latest information about risky behaviors. Are you sure certain activities you like to do in the bedwa (or the toilet stall) are risky or not? It's really up to the individual about what risks we are willing to take. Our meetings are fun for everyone, and most of the people showing up know they're in for a good time. We average twenty to thirty people at each meeting. We network, have parties and meetings, but mostly have fun. I always come, I mean arrive with my partner in slime, Biff Boffum!

There are rumors about Latoya's virtue. Yes, I have many men who hunt me down, and all I can say is that I can kiss and won't tell. There have even been some rumors about Biff and me too, but we're both seeing other people now, and I'll leave it like that. Biff does most of the talking at our shows, and I do most of the demonstrating with the condom on a dildo. I mean, Biff is only two inches long (did I say that?) on a good day with a stiff wind (but what he can do with his tongue, let me tell you!), but he wears a condom, and that's the most important thing, isn't it?

BONNIE TOMAN

We like to talk about the triggers that lead us to take few or no precautions. Tell us please - what in hell's name has been overriding the condom message we've been shoving down your throats for the last umpteen years? Drugs and alcohol are the two factors that keep most of us from remembering to come on, not in our partners. And partners can be anyone you've known for years or don't know from Adam except there's a huge schwang in your face that needs burping, and you're just the one to do it.

If there's a beautiful full moon out and you just can't resist it, remember that rimming is also a high risk activity because of the likelihood of exposure to other sexually transmitted diseases besides AIDS. People can still rim, but put some clear plastic wrap, or a latex square (also called a dental dam) between you and that Spinach Salad, hun! Licking and touching or using cleaned or condomed toys are all the rage.

By the way, you look familiar. Didn't I see you at the AIDS Dance-a-thon?

You should have smelled me..., I was wearing Spellbound by Estee Lauder! Actually, you should have seen me dancin' and schvitzing on stage with Rosie Perez! That's Rosie, Perez.

I have so much fun explaining this program because I know how much you love it when I show up in my beehive (my trademark) and towering high heels. We should change this program's name to Wigs and Heels Essentials. Well, maybe that's another program. There's something about big hair and 6" spikes that makes men listen to me, don't as me why. I see how you stare at me at Revolver! I wear Size 12's in case anyone wants to send me a pair. Shopping for a big girl is not an easy thing! I don't want you to think this stuff gets thrown on! It takes effort, so the least you can do is show up for my shows! You know, you can never shave close enough. I've tried to follow Donna Mills and blend 34 colors into one soft shade, ready for day, and with a simple touch up, rarin' to go for evening.

I'll show you how put a condom on someone without your hands! It's so important to be non-judgmental in this field, this big, hard field, so I'm not. Sex is not wrong or bad, and even if it is, you can have fun being bad and doing wrong sex in the right way! You all think you can trip me up with some crazy questions, like how to use those anal beads! I don't personally know how to use them, but that wouldn't stop me from showing you how I would imagine people use them. I read an awful lot to obtain a broad knowledge (and perhaps a broad's knowledge) about the world.

Listen - the other programs in the field are great, don't get me wrong, but Sex Essentials Program has me, so what else do you want? One of the issues that we like to discuss at our meetings is: what triggers you to indulge in unsafe action? You find yourself with a friendly john, I mean, John, your friend, at a smoky bar up on Sunset. He'll pay, I mean, love you more if he doesn't have to use a condom. Should you take him up on all that extra love and bend over? You're compulsively cruising the showers at the gym and can't take your eyes off the other guy's pierced foreskin. Do those few extra moments to roll on a rubber make this action something less hot than quickies used to be? And there's no guarantee that just because he's young, he's negative. So many young gay men I meet worry me because they don't think they'll get the virus. And don't ask me about older guys who don't think their younger sexual partners have been around the scene long enough to get exposed! In Los Angeles, almost nine out of ten of all new cases of HIV infection are among young gay men! I think it's always nice to be free from constraint and be up front enough to ask if your partner is positive or negative, because it keeps things open and honest. Even if you trust each other to tell the truth, it's probably smarter to assume that everyone is positive and have fun the safer way anyway. Don't forget that if you're both positive, you'll still want to both wear condoms because it's preferable to avoid re-infection.

Everyone needs to use a condom, and use them correctly! Fun sex can be safer sex by understanding our urges, overcoming our objections, increasing our knowledge and nurturing our self esteem. Find out what you really like to do, and I don't always mean sex. My hormones rage too honey, but I've found out that their needs to be more to life than that. It shouldn't always be standing in the corner at the disco waiting until it happens.

My mother, Lulabelle Latex, God rest her soul (she's not dead, she's just in Florida, which is like death to me although I have nothing against Florida except that I schvitz when I go there) told me long ago while working in the family latex business that latex was her life, and it would be my life too. It's amazing just how right she was! Latex has come a long way. At our meetings, we hand out Okamoto condoms in our new condom wallets. Oil-based lubes are o.k. for J.O. sessions, but they will destroy condoms, so use a water-based lubricant if the occasion demands it. We love all water-based products and hand out gobs of the stuff, including Wet brand!

Send $1 to cover postage costs to receive the latest issue of our cool magazine, SexVibe! Write to 1313 North Vine St., Los Angeles, CA 90028. Or better yet, call APLA at 213-993-1570 and ask for the Sex Essentials division to find out more about attending a meeting. I try to be at as many meetings as possible, but I do have a few well-trained Latoya clones who take my place once in a while. They must go through a vigorous program and makeup session, so don't be too hard on my girls.

I plan to be Latoya for the long haul. They're going to have to wheel me in with my orthopedic heels and gray beehive if that's what it takes! Sex Essentials is there for you, so the least you can do is stay safer as long Latoya tells you to! DJ

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Queer, isn't it?

THE ADVOCATE

haute wave

Style Diary

by William Norwich

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"designers have been showing skirts for men for the past 25 years, and it still hasn't happened," said Anna Wintour, the editor in chief of Vogue, when I asked not long ago what she thought of the idea of my indulging in some sartorial experimentation.

During the recent men's collections, many of the designer showed skirts. I thought it might be interesting to actually try wearing some around town. So I arranged to borrow a complete wardrobe, from sarongs to proper kilts, and gave my friends and colleagues fair warning.

I debuted my new look during a hectic city cold spell (icy proof that hell is white, not red), a week when most working women without benefit of car and driver would not think of wearing anything but pants.

day one. Six o'clock Monday morning and I was running a hot shower - but not to bathe. My first men's skirt, a sort of khaki-colored kilt affair with red suspenders designed by Jean-Paul Gaultier, was wrinkled from packing. A few minutes of steam, and voila!

As I dressed, I remembered what a stylist friend told me about how a man should wear a skirt: Skirts look best when one looks like a boarding school girl who has just played lacrosse. Over a rather wooly catsuit, or DuoFold long johns to be precise, I struggled with Mr. Gaultier's contraption of wrap-belts and braces. High wool socks and Doc Martens boots -too big and stuffed with paper at the toes - and a plaid Romeo Gigli peacoat completed the look.

I left the house, and rumbled downtown in a cab to the gym. I unpeeled the outfit, put on gym clothes, threw myself around the pump palace, showered, shaved and began anew the task I had dreaded for the past hour; getting back into the long johns and the Gaultier invention, but this time, in front of an audience.

I detected a few questionable looks from the gentlemen in the locker room, but avoided all eye contact, especially the curious glare from the fellow listening to Howard Stern being intravenously fed into his ears by a yellow Sony Walkman. (I assumed he was listening to Mr. Stern because of the smirk on his face).

New York's citizens had been warned about gridlock on my first skirt-wearing day, and I stood on the corner of Sixth Avenue and 15th Street trying to hail a cab when a crosswind blasted open my Jean-Paul Gaultier kilt. Heads, of course, turned. I felt like some old, Jewish Marilyn Monroe looking for a hot grate.

A taxi came. I forgot, as I continued to forget all week, to smooth the skirt beneath me. Wrinkles! I told myself that this look, this woolly, post-lacrosse look, is very masculine. Rugged. Heartier than an Armani suit and less ambiguous than a T-shirt and jeans.

"Hello, Cinderella," said Margit Larsen, the proprietress of the newsstand at the Conde Nast building, as I arrived on my way to the Vogue offices.

The ladies at Vogue were amused, and expressed approval, if not for the look then for the daring. One of my male colleagues was disappointed. He expected drag - perhaps a Chanel skirt, towering Manolo Blahnik pumps and dark glasses. Several people asked what I was wearing underneath. Ms. Wintour repeated her observation about men and skirts and said the only man she knows who wears skirts is Jean-Paul Gaultier.

"This is by Gaultier!" I said excitedly.

"I see that," she responded.

As I headed for the subway later, I expected the worst, but no one cared that I had on a skirt. I guess anything goes as long as it doesn't have a holster and gun.

It was Valentine's Day, and I stopped at the Dunkin' Donuts counter in Grand Central to buy two dozen baked sweets for a friend named Betty. My purchase held up the line at the checkout counter, and a male customer behind me was not happy.

"Yo, man," he said, "dressed like that why don't you just eat at McDonald's?"

Galvanized by the man's wit, I returned to the office. "Nice skirt," said a lady I do not know in the elevator.

That night, I attended a cocktail party honoring Geoffrey Beene at the Fashion Institute of Technology.

"Way to go, kid. Stir the pot," said photographer Bill Cunningham.

Sean Driscoll, a founder of Glorious Food, said he certainly would serve me were I to arrive all done up in a skirt at some black tie affair.

"Would Mrs. Bass?" I asked.

"I'm sure she would," Mr. Driscoll answered.

"Which one?" I asked, since one of the Mrs. Basses makes jokes and the other doesn't.

"You decide," he said.

Geoffrey Beene asked me why I was wearing what I was wearing and I explained that many of the European designers, and Donna Karan and John Bartlett in America, featured skirts for men for spring and fall.

"Do you want my reaction?" Mr. Beene asked. "'Oops' our 'ouch,' you can take your choice."

That night, traipsing over snowbanks toward home, I delighted in the knowledge that for one day I had been the master of my own humiliation. This happens so rarely in New York.

day two. I put on a perfectly tailored three-piece, pin-stripe Romeo Gigli suit, shirt and silk tie, over which was wrapped a brown suede apron by Katarine Hamnett. The look, I feared, was too intellectual, too obscure, and not enough of a sight gag to solicit ample response.

"I love the way you are dressing these days. Is that The Observer paycheck?" asked Shirley Lord when I saw her at Vogue.

"Are you wearing a skirt?" a friend inquired when I telephoned to ask if I might have something delivered to his doorman building, which I would fetch later that evening.

I answered that, indeed, I was wearing a skirt. My friend said there was no way I was to enter his co-op. What would the doorman think?

"It looks ridiculous by any standard," said Patrick McCarthy, the executive vice president and executive editor of W, when I saw him that evening

ROXANNE LOWIT

A model is suited down in a Donna Karan sarong at the Florence show of her fall men's collection.

at a performance of Edward Albee's Three Tall Women. He also observed that the women in the audience felt that I was making fun of them. "Do you see how they look at you? I think they resent you," he said.

The first skirt was the loincloth, which became the chiton, the toga and the tunic. (Plato advised men not to wear their chitons too short lest their knees protrude when they sat.)

Hemlines were high for men in the 14th century, enough for the Parson in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales to complain about men in skimpy garments: "The buttocks of such persons look like the hinder parts of a she-ape in the full of the moon."

Chauvinism's biggest clothing coup was a men's wear monopoly on front-opening garments, beginning in the 14th century, while women were confined for years to gowns that were laced and corseted from the back.

"Skirts [for men] keep coming back because men's clothing is about parameters," Hal Rubenstein wrote recently in The New York Times Magazine. "And you can't blame designers for trying to give themselves a wider playing field."

day three. I lunched at "44" with Jayne Tear, a psychologist and pioneer in the gender field who is writing a book about gender dynamics to be published by William Morrow. I had walked over with Elizabeth Saltzman.

Ms. Saltzman wore black wool pants and jacket. I wore a short, brown Burberry tartan kilt, black tights from Charivari, brown combat boots and a leather jacked by Dictador.

"Is your fanny cold?" Ms. Saltzman asked when a Fifth Avenue gust blew my skirt up. "That's why you need a sweater tied at your waist - to keep your skirt down," she explained.

"Aren't you feeling free? she said. "Isn't the freedom the greatest thing you've ever had? It's like sexual freedom."

"Would you date a man in a skirt?" I wondered.

"Absolutely," she answered. "Lots of men wear skirts. Ralph Lauren wears skirts, well, sarongs, when he and Ricky are at their home in Jamaica. Axl Rose wears skirts, but that is a sort of punk thing."

Donna Karan was also at the Royalton, and she stopped by my table. "Let me see," she said.

I stood. I turned. The fashion director Grace Coddington had been right when she said earlier that the pleats in the back of the skirt would keep it from wrinkling when I sat down. Still, I was embarrassed that my skirt was a British import and not a Donna Karan.

"Have I got a skirt for you," Ms. Karan said.

Ms. Karan prefers longer skirts, however. Long hemlines, she said, make the man this season. DJ

Watching too much... TV

with Dame Ednot

I became very confused at first when I was given the exciting assignment of reviewing information on repairing TV's. There didn't seem to be anything in these books about TV's, actually the tuning of one or the making of one. So naturally, I was shocked to understand that they were all about Transvestites, a subject I know little about. I think they've been on Geraldo, but I'm sure I've seen them on Donahue. Phil, as I call him. I suppose it's a good thing I didn't request a cookbook, otherwise this article may have been about a book on cocks, I'm sure.

Making the best of it, I've just come up with a couple of little things that I've noticed in these books. The first thing is a lovely little poem from our little friend, Marty. He's a lovely little girl with very hairy legs, no breasts, and bald. He's written in with such a catchy little poem! The poem is, "Would you like to hear about a guy who's found his place, who's happy to be feminine in ruffles, silks and lace?" Well, listeners, would you? "I'll tell about one who's made the grade, who's found both love and happiness as a well-kept master's maid!" I can hardly imagine! If you could see what I could see! It's something very reminiscent of me actually, in my earlier days, when I was mistress of my ex-husband, when I was a wee young girl. Here's the ending of that poem: "He called her bitch and sissy, and set her in her place, he made her pose for photos bound in leather, silk and lace." Isn't that touching?

There are many things that interest me in these books. You can pick some of them up at the corner store for only $12.50 dears! Here's a sex change at 70! He was 70 years old and just woke up one morning and thought to himself, "I'll be a woman." So he jumped on a plane and went to Japan and had her sex change, and says at this point she has dozens of women's outfits. "I've had them for years but I've only worn them in the privacy of my bedroom." She's been married twice, and I suppose she's gathered a lot of her ex-wives' clothings, and now she's happy and content enjoying life as a woman. I suppose a part of her outfit is also a catheter, and a pacemaker, which is lovely too.

Here's a little review on corsets, for young ladies that need a little more of a shape. It shows a young gentleman with his knees on another man's hiney trying to pull in the corset very small and narrowish. Here's a story about a young man who went into a Nordstrom's department store and had his entire face made over by one of the young ladies there who I'm sure stood there in total shock as she removed what makeup he had on his face when he came in, and started to reform him into a young lady by the name of Danielle.

Here's one that's interesting too. It's about TV and TS movie reviews and how they rate them. It seems that they rate the movie by how high the penis; the higher the penis the better the movie. In other words, there's a picture of a young lady, spread eagle, similar to Madge, with a full erection. I suppose that's an A rating. A three quarter erection must be a B rating, a half erect is a C rating and a quarter erect looks just like my husband's, which is like a D rating. I wonder what you get when you chop it off? I suppose you don't get any rating at all.

Here's an interesting biography, a pictorial biography I might add, of a young man dressed as a woman, sitting by the pool. She's a lovely young lady. She's got a very long, straight, angular face, with a little lipstick and high heels that look a bit small on her, and her feet are dangling in the water. I don't quite understand that particular thing, but I suppose it works for her. There's a section on being forced to be a girl, which I wouldn't suggest to anybody. I was a girl once, and let me tell you, it wasn't an easy time. There are cartoons, and here are some breast forming ball things that make your titties hang straight up in the air. Here's a young lady in a very short skirt with a pipe hanging out of her mouth. This is something I think all young ladies should seek out - young men who choose to lead the life of a transvestite or transsexual. They've done wonders for Amber, whose shoe size is a petite size 15, along with the fact that she's six foot four. She looks very lovely in what looks like a Tina Turner wig on her head, and very perky lipstick. As they say, she passes.

I was wondering what ever happened to Tyne Daley. She's on page 56 in this one. I always knew she was a man; I just wasn't quite sure how they did it. But there she is and you'll be so glad to see that Tyne's posing naked for magazines now.

Here's one of those personal ads with a picture of a woman who likes

stretch lace, and I would say that stretch is exactly what is happening to this particular piece of material. The places that this thing has been asked to cover over and form into a lovely young lady is really something unbelievable.

There's a lot of ads for large size shoes in these magazines. This must be quite a problem, one I've never had, considering the fact that I've had a lovely size nine since the time I was born.

What I find so interesting about these books is that the transvestites or TV's, when they have the makeup and the hair applied and so forth, look like some of the most, I just have to say it right now, masculine women of our time; Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Shelley Winters. They've achieved this look and I'm just thinking to myself, why would you ever want to look like these women? Most of them, when they also get dressed in drag, there's a lot of Ernest Borgnine look-alikes. I'm just glancing through. There's a bit of a Baby Jane Hudson look on several of these people, especially the one with the pipe in her mouth.

Also, getting on to more serious things, there's some elixers that they sell in some of these magazines. Just listen along and I'll tell you what they say these things can do. Here's a new formula to create a new you. A lot of research went into the manufacture of this formula. Natural herbs that are supposed to have female hormones! "By law, we cannot make claims about breast enlargement, we guarantee nothing." There's also something that has to do with producing mother's milk. This product labels says they cannot make any claims, but it speaks for itself. Drink this and you'll have titties." Imagine that, listeners!

I remembered something Madge told me she uses, and I don't know if it would be appropriate for you TV's, but it might be something for you to consider. If you've ever had a problem with any kind of an odor, or thought you smelled like a skunk, Madge uses something that you keep on your hands at all times. One never knows when a black polecat will strike with its offensive odors. Madge just pours it right from the bottle on herself and on her pet, and I'm sure you know what I mean when I say *pet*. I know it has made Madge just a little bit easier to live with.

I've looked at these magazines, and I'm just amazed how these men tuck and tape and glue and thumb tack and everything else just to hide their penises, so they can wear these god-awful dresses.

I was wondering what ever happened to *Tyne Daley.* She's on page 56 in this one. I always knew *she was a man;* I just wasn't quite sure how they did it.

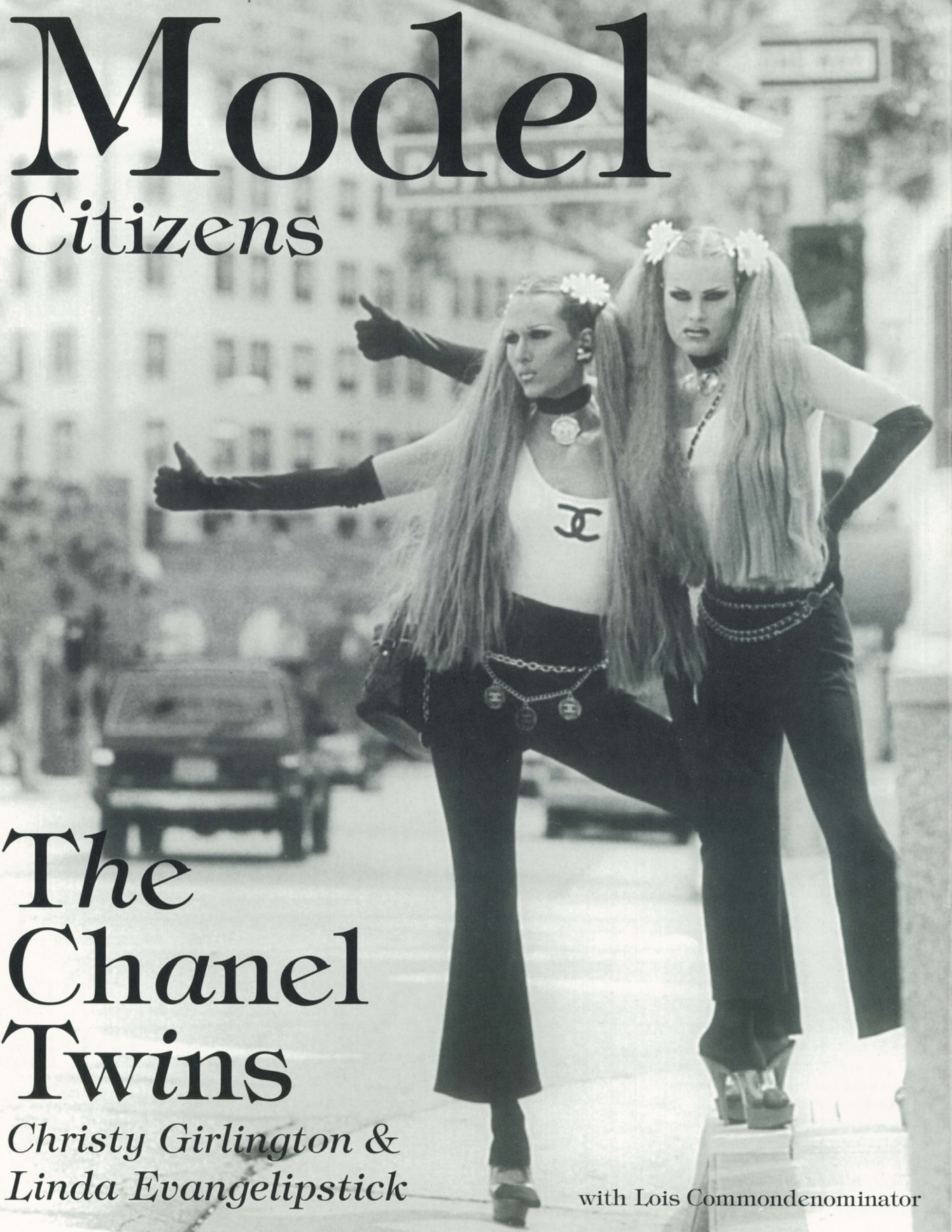
I've seen men with strange looking wigs on their heads and wearing makeup in very poor taste. Some of these men must not have been able to keep inside the lines of their coloring books!

On second thought, I think I will request the cookbook next time.

To find out more about ordering some of the magazines pictured here, please write to Transformation, Box 459, Orange, CA 92666!

DJ

Model Citizens



The Chanel Twins

Christy Girlington &
Linda Evangelipstick

with Lois Commondenominator

I'm here in a sunny West Hollywood apartment on a Spring weekend afternoon visiting with the fabulous Chanel Twins! First, congratulations on all the publicity you've been getting lately!

Yes, we were the centerfold in LA's *spunk* Magazine, had a photo and mention in the L.A. Times, got a blurb in the L.A. Weekly and Details, and were mentioned by Project X.

Give us some background. Are you actually related to each other? Are you twins? Is your last name really Chanel?

No, we're not like the Barbi Twins! Even when we walk down the street together as men, people come up to us and ask if we're twins or brothers. We're not saying we're identical, even as The Chanel Twins, but real twins can be fraternal too, and fraternal twins can look very similar. The illusion of being real twins is brought out because as The Chanel Twins, we wear identical outfits, hair and make-up, but Christy has brown eyes and is a little taller than Linda, who has blue eyes. Linda is from Portland and Christy is from Minneapolis. Actually, we both have Swedish and Norwegian backgrounds.

What got you started as the Chanel Twins?

First of all, we call ourselves The Sisters of Fate because our friendship was like something that was meant to happen. The coincidences are too numerous to be chance! Not knowing each other, we both arrived in West Hollywood on the same date almost 10 years ago, got the same jobs at Robinson's Beverly Hills, had part-time jobs scooping ice cream on the side, and we both moved into the same apartment building next door to each other. The Chanel Twins happened because Christy thought of doing head-to-toe Chanel Drag for a gag at a friend's birthday party a year ago, and later when we appeared at the Atlas club in that look, the response was overwhelming!

Where did the names come from?

Our names are variations on the names of two Supermodels, Christy Girlington from Christy Turlington, and Linda Evangelipstick from Linda Evangelista. They were our favorites from the list we made, but they were also the original Chanel girls and did ads together about two years ago, so the usage is perfect. Girlington and Evangelipstick are also less vulgar than the other names we thought up; Naomi Cowballs, Twatianna, Cindy Crawfish, Claudia Shanker, Genitalia Versaci, and Kate Moose.

You're Supermodels, which is the current icon of celebrity and fame. Is your talent simply for looking good?

Even growing up as kids, we both liked the whole lifestyle. We've always heard rumors behind our backs like, oh, The Chanel Twins have no talent, but our talent is our looks. It's a lot of work to pull this look off. We think of what we do as an art form. You paint a picture on your face and turn your whole body into a painting.

Is any of what you do consciously 'political' in that you make a statement by being men who look like glamorous women?

We really don't do this for a political message, but we think feminine-looking men should no longer shock mainstream America or be thought of as bizarre. It doesn't matter what you really are. If you have a look that you can do well regardless of what sex you actually are, why should people discriminate against you for it? Our goal is to be working the runways of Paris!

What's the number one question everyone asks you?

Everyone asks us if we're lovers. That's usually the first question, and no we've never had a relationship like that. Even photographers ask us to pose as if we're about to kiss each other in some of the layouts we've done. We've been best friends for 10 years - Sisters of Fate. Anything else would be incest! We've both

DAVID LAND

had long-term relationships with others, but we're very happy being single too. We don't have time to concentrate on anything else right now.

How would you describe your style?

Drag comes in a lot of brands, and ours is high women's fashion. It's not necessarily comical or in response to a fetish or particularly freakish. If people ask, we say we're Drag Queens, but it shouldn't matter if you can tell or not.

Have you had any run-ins with elements in the Gay community who are against Drag?

Drag Queens were looked on as freaks and fucked up for years! It was said that Drag Queens gave the Gay community a bad reputation by having people think we all wanted to be women. We don't really want to be women, although there's nothing wrong with wanting that. We want to be Drag Queens!

What's the distinction between those two goals?

What we do is an extreme, so there are probably no real women like us. We love being men, it's just that we love the whole fashion scene.

Why haven't we seen you in print out of drag?

BRIAN WOOD

We want to keep what we really look like behind the scenes. What we do is an illusion, and that's what we're promoting. We like the privacy we can maintain when we're not dressed. The reason that we don't want to expose ourselves as men in the mass media is because this way when we're in the Gay community as men, people aren't going to discriminate against us because, like oh, he's a Drag Queen, he's a freak, and they still do. These prejudices are strong, particularly outside of Los Angeles.

How far do go to maintain your anonymity?

We'll always tell people what we do, but we don't go up to people and shake their hand and blurt out something like, "by the way, did you know that I'm a Chanel Twin?"! It's not like we're ashamed of what we do, but we're trying to be famous in Drag, not out!

Do you act any differently when dressed as The Chanel Twins?

Not really. We're pretty much ourselves and don't have any special patter. When we dress up, we tend to be little more flirtatious than we would be as men. It's fun to go out as ourselves and people don't know who we are, although it's true that there are some who would worship us, but your typical gay man isn't sexually attracted to a Drag Queen, or even someone who is potentially a Drag Queen. It's the straight men who are experimenting with their sexuality more.

Aren't these men technically bi?

Some of them are really straight and attracted to us up to the point that they find out we're really men. Most of the others are willing to experiment sexually because they're more confident in their sexuality and don't bother with labeling themselves. Still, they would never have sex with a homosexual man who was dressed as a man. We definitely have had opportunities to date "straight" men, but it's more than just the sexual thing. It's also flirting with straight men and enjoying the way they treat you. It's quite a high!

Isn't the flirting a Drag Queen experiences different from that between "straight" men and women? After all, you don't have vaginas!

No, we have *man*ginas! Actually, we have a lot of fun when we're out and it doesn't get all that serious, but we do experience some of the oppression and sexism that women must receive. There have been many times when some men just wouldn't take no for an answer, but it's usually not so bad. We met a very famous comedian one night whose been in a lot of big movies and done a lot of television. We were coming out of a restaurant and walking through the parking lot and he was coming in. Linda got into his Rangerover and just chatted. He wanted more than she was willing to give him, but he was a perfect gentleman. It's common knowledge that he enjoys chicks with dicks. He's been stopped by the police numerous times in Miami for cruising the areas where the girls who are boys hang out.

Tell us about the last time you went out as the Chanel Twins!

Last night we went to the Chit Chat on 3rd, and Angeline was there! She was very cute -that's the word that comes to mind, all in her pink and her fabulous blond hair and her big breasts. She's famous for being herself, which is not what we started out trying to do, but now that we think of it, that's not a bad goal for us. She's known around the world, and she really hasn't done anything more than a few cameos and billboards. Her story is like an incentive to continue on with what we're doing.

Since you're on the cutting edge of fashion, do you have any kind of scoop on what the next look will be? Obviously Chanel is your favorite, but what do you think about other designers?

This fall it's all about angora, feathers, boas and fluorescent colors. Skirts are very short. Calvin Klein's customers are very conservative, and so he's made everything long and drab for Fall 1994, which is just the opposite of everyone else. The more couture designers like Chanel, Anna Sui, Mizrahi and Versaci are all doing bright colors and fun furs. It's all great for drag queens too because it's all so extreme.

How do you keep up with fashion?

We subscribe to Vogue, Allure, Bazaar and W, and we watch Elsa Klench on CNN,

DAVID LAND

Fashion Television on VH1 and House of Style on MTV. E! Network now has something called Fashion File which we've recently started to watch. We like to keep up on things.

Have you ever thought of getting tattoos?

Tattoos are great but they're not for us. It would be nice if they did temporary Chanel tattoos!

Where do you shop for your clothes?

Most of our outfits are custom-made by our friend Anthony Franco, a local designer who works out of his home. We also go downtown to the garment district for some of our accessories. We've found some jewelry down there, but we also have a friend that's a flight attendant, and he goes to Seoul, Korea and gets a lot of knock-off stuff there. They bootleg it in Korea, and you can bring it back into the States for even less money than buying it downtown. We were just comparison shopping at the Chanel boutique today, and the stuff that we have is very similar.

Do you know anything about Coco Chanel?

We've seen the biographical special on her on T.V. and are devoted to the line of fashion from the company, but we haven't done extensive reading on her life. For us however, Chanel is the epitome of glamour!

How do you handle the hair vs wig issue?

Sometimes we use pieces or pigtails. We've always used our own hair, even when it was shorter, we used create the illusion that it was longer by putting it up in French twists. We've learned how to set our hair ourselves to obtain the curls, and we've found that steam heat treatments are healthier for your hair than dry heat for creating curls.

What about make-up?

MAC cosmetics are the best because the colors are more theatrical, as we would need for runway modeling. It goes on good, doesn't flake, it's made through a cruelty-free process, and some of the proceeds are donated to fight AIDS. I think all the proceeds from Viva Glam lipstick goes to Aid for AIDS. We have girlfriends that wear Chanel make-up who haven't told us very good things about it, but there's nothing like opening up a Chanel compact for that special effect when powdering down at a club.

Tell us some of your other beauty secrets!

We've taped our chests before, but it's quite uncomfortable, and most of our dresses are not that low cut. We just contour a lot with make-up and blush. Having things made for our bodies makes it easier to build in that illusion. As for taping below, we layer a lot with a few pairs of pantyhose and two pairs of panties, bodysuits and g-strings. Once you put a dress over all of that, it tends to flatten everything out. We don't believe in medical augmentations for us because not only are they dangerous, we happen to enjoy being men. There's a girl who performs at Peanuts who had her coochie done, and it wasn't a very good job because when she did the splits it ripped open! They had to carry her off the stage and she had to be re-sewn up. If you do something like that, you should wait until it heals! For us it's just padded boobs. What we do is all an illusion. Our custom-made clothes tend to give us some curves where there are none, or accentuate what we already do have. We also have our boob padding sewn into the dresses we wear so that we don't need bras. The boobs are shapes available from any material shop, and are usually no more than $15 a pair.

Do you have any secrets about getting a close shave?

Christy is very lucky - she has 6 whiskers and they're all blond. Linda has problems with her beard because it's very heavy. She heats up her beard to shave, then cools down her face which tends to shrink

the pores and stop the bleeding if she cuts herself. The hardest part of what we do is that people want us to go out every night, and because of Linda's beard, we have to set our priorities.

Who are the most popular Drag Queens in LA right now?

Jackie Beat, Chi Chi LaRue, Karen Dior, Gender, Eva Destruction. One of our new close friends is Cookie who just started performing around town. She's a character who wears rollerskates wherever she goes. She's performed at Plush, Dragstrip and 15 Minutes. We're also close friends with personalities who are not necessarily Drag Queens, like club owners, or Robin Cameltoe, Mr. Dan and Sharon Needles.

Do your families know about what you're doing?

Well, we were just on the Jerry Springer Show in December of '93 and Geraldo in February of '94, so both families know if they didn't before. Christy's family knows more and has been very supportive. They see it more as performance art. Christy's sister tells all her friends and brings our press kit everywhere!

Any scoop to report?

We had a cameo in "The Crossing Guard" from Miramax which should be out in September of 1994, so look for us there if they don't cut the scene. We had a cameo appearance in Wayne's World II, and we've been doing some charity runway modeling. We're currently very busy sending out our press kit to all the modeling agencies, top designers and fashion editors of magazines, but we haven't had what you would call a big break yet.

What are your future plans?

We just started taking voice lessons. We're interested in recording some music that we helped to write. We'd like to eventually do a music video, but we don't have an agent yet. That's been a problem for Drag Queens who don't lipsinc or perform. We don't have a show to sell. We can show up at clubs, emcee, do cameos or just be personalities that cause a sensation.

Thank you for being such a sensation in Dragazine.

DJ

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